LOBO

By

Angel Dean Lopez

based upon the DC Comics character

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FRAG IN:

EXT. SPACE LANE 35/W (OUTER PLEIADES)

OVER a heady b.g. SHOT of a starry cosmic nebula, a detached voice narrates a stuffy science documentary.

CARL SAGAN (V.O.)
Space. The swirling velvet curtain veils the ponderous mystery of the ages: are we alone in the universe? How many countless thousands of hours has mankind expended upon reflection of this very question... Wait... What's that sound?

VERY FAINT... GROWING CLOSER... It's -- SPEEDMETAL MUSIC!!?

FLASH OF CHROME AND LEATHER

A nightmarish object blasts INTO VIEW, moving fast across the stars: wild hair, red eyes, flaming rocket gasses... But it's gone before we can really see it.

Meanwhile, the ENGINE NOISE and the SPEEDMETAL MUSIC all but drown out the struggling narrator, who tries to start again under the considerable thunder...

CARL SAGAN (V.O.)
(a little unnerved)
Space. The swirling velvet curtain veils the ponderous...

CLOSE SHOT - HAND ON MOTORCYCLE THROTTLE

Hairy, muscular, with horny yellow nails that are chipped and blackened. Tattooed across the knuckles are the letters "FRAG." On the other hand: "CITY."

The hand gives the throttle a vicious twist, and the big space bike leaps INTO VIEW. Stacked with muscles and sporting wild hair, its wild rider LOBO looks like a bad dude to mess with. And he's not wearing a helmet, either.

Lobo throws in a barrel roll, just for the hell of it. The ROAR of the SPACE HARLEY BLASTING through the cosmos completely buries the narrator, and we never hear from him again.

FULL SCREEN VIEW - PLANET WAGWORLD

A baked-looking orange-red planet looms larger as we CLOSE IN... SUPER TITLE: "Wagworld. Treaty Free Zone."

PULL BACK to reveal that the above display is actually part of a tiny hi-resolution flat-panel instrument between the handlebars of our wild rider's hot rod space bike.

PULL BACK FURTHER to show the real planet Wagworld drawing near as Lobo approaches to hover over the planet, giving the place a baleful glare.

CLOSE SHOT - NAV SYSTEM DISPLAY

The system sorts and scans across the planet's surface to pick out a continent, then a country, and finally, a port city. Information about the city scrolls rapidly in one window as another window maps out the best route to the destination...

The data window stops scrolling on the legend: "L.E.G.I.O.N. TM DATA identifies likely centers of off-world criminal activity. Extra charge required."

LOBO
Authorize charges, ya money-grubbin' bastich.

At Lobo's verbal command, images began flashing in the window: a series of low-down tattoo parlors, chili shacks, strip joints -- cheap buildings of tank-grown bio-plastic.

LOBO
That one.

The scroll stops at a sketchy-looking lounge called "The Snooze Bar." It features not only the standard neon martini glass, but also the mortar-and-pestle symbol of the pharmacy, along with a glowing green marijuana leaf.

LOBO
What a fraggin' dump.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SNOOZE BAR

The nav display's still photo MELTS INTO an identical live-action view of the Snooze Bar's exterior.

INT. SNOOZE BAR - BACK BOOTH

The barroom is dirtiest and scariest around its murky fringes. In the darkest corner of all, DARVON, a female, huddles with her male friends PHILEEP and AHAB. Escapees on the lam, they carefully stack their kopecks.

AHAB
'Nuff fer one more shot o' rotgut. An' I gets the firs' sip.

PHILEEP
Our last credits. Now we'll never get off this idiotic planet.

DARVON
And go where? Remember? They want to hang us back home, ya stupid fur bag.

PHILEEP
Don't talk to me that way. I'll...

AHAB
You'll do what, genius? She can say what she wants.
(to Darvon)
Why don' we forget ole feces face and make bee-yootiful music?

He leans over, runs his tongue around her ear. Darvon likes it, but Ahab draws up short -- Phileep's got a knife at his neck.

EXT. SNOOZE BAR - STREET - DAY

An elderly woman totters off the sidewalk, starts crossing...

CLOSE SHOT - LOBO'S HAND

jams the throttle, and the BIKE takes off. Its DULL GROWLING GROWS into an EAR-SPLITTING, fear-inspiring ROAR.

The old lady lifts her skirts, sprints out of the bike's way, as Lobo gives an evil grin as he blows by. Riding a foot off the road surface, the bike's gravity unit invisibly flicks away dust and pebbles as Lobo cruises down the road.

At the Snooze Bar, Lobo pulls in, REVS the ENGINE ONCE, TWICE, THREE TIMES, and then KILLS IT. The bike settles gently to earth as its anti-gravity mechanism winds down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lobo dismounts, cutting a grim figure.

Among other weapons, he's got a mean-looking length of CHAIN wrapped around his right forearm. The chain ends in a wicked-looking sharpened steel hook, and its CHINK-CHINK sound follows Lobo wherever he goes...

IN BAR

Suddenly, the DOOR SHATTERS under the pile-driver force of Lobo's lug-soled, steel-toed size 14 EEE biker boot. Lobo steps in, covering the room with a big-bore shorty shotgun.

Eerie silence: knowledgeable patrons scurry away, but the three soused convicts don't even notice, laughing and fighting among themselves. The BARTENDER looks like he wants to run away, too.

BARTENDER
W-what'll it be, pal?

LOBO
I ain't your pal, dweeb. The Main Man's mighty careful about pickin' his friends. Got that?

BARTENDER
(pained)
Yessir.

LOBO
Gimme three fingers aged napalm and a stogie. Make it a Cubano. And not a clone.

ANGLE - ACROSS ROOM

Two Wagworld locals, GREYSTOKE and FEATHERSTONE, look on with a mixture of awe and fear.

GREYSTOKE
A bounty hunter. Wonder what he's doing on Wagworld?

FEATHERSTONE
(getting up)
I ain't waiting around to find out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREYSTOKE
Relax, dude. This'll be interesting.

FEATHERSTONE
He'll probably wreck the place -- with us in it. I'm outta here.

Featherstone melts into the shadows, but Greystoke settles down to watch, swilling beer and munching those bad-tasting little rice crackers.

WIDE SHOT - PLANET WAGWORLD

The same distinctive pink-orange planet hangs in space. And then, ominously, accompanied by the appropriate BASS RUMBLING on the soundtrack, a huge delta-shaped spaceship orbits INTO VIEW. It is followed by many dozens of ships bearing the same insignia...

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - COMMAND CENTER - SAME TIME

Up in his ship's bridge, COMMANDER VRIL DOX stares into a full screen view of the planet on his monitor. His second-in-command BRADLOW approaches, wearing the blue helmet of the Planetary Assembly Security Force...

BRADLOW
My apologies, Commander Dox. We have the final answer from the planetary council. They still refuse to sign the treaty.

DOX
Who'd have thought this savage, greedy, materialistic people could put up such a fight? It just goes to show how obsolete and inefficient democracy is.

Dox is handsome, but he radiates tyrannical evil. No hot-blooded Hitler-type, he has more of Lenin's ruthless logic.

BRADLOW
We have room for negotiation.

DOX
For compromise, you mean? Not today, Bradlow. Let's begin <u>taking</u> this planet.

INT. SNOOZE BAR

Partly obscured by a cloud of smoke, Lobo puffs up his stogie. He swallows a big gulp of his explosive cocktail, waggling his wicked tongue deep into the shot glass to slurp obscenely at the jellied beverage.

Lobo slams down a bill, causing the Bartender to flinch.

LOBO
Keep the change.

BARTENDER
Th-thanks...

As the Bartender reaches for the bill, Lobo clamps down on his wrist.

LOBO
I'm lookin' fer three low-life bail jumpers from Altoona. Seen anybody like that, geekwad?

The Bartender hesitates, tries to pull his wrist away. Lobo grips harder, leans in closer.

LOBO
I'll take that as a yes, coffin-breath. Where are they? Urrrp!

Lobo rips out an explosive belch. The NAPALM FUMES IGNITE upon hitting the air, singeing and blackening the Bartender's face.

LOBO
(pounding his chest)
Napalm fumes. Get ya every time.

Utterly terrified, the man slowly rolls his eyes in the direction of the Altoonites. Lobo picks up the signal, drops the man, and scoops up his weapon.

BARROOM VIDEO MONITOR

Incongruously playing in the b.g. is a tired video of Tom Jones singing "Delilah." The VIDEO turns to STATIC, then to a "TECHNICAL DIFFICULTY" graphic.

The IMAGE CUTS TO another shot: a trim, roguishly handsome Dox, speaking from the bridge of his starship.

DOX (V.O.)
I am Commander Vril Dox. In the name of the Planetary Assembly, I hereby declare martial law over all of Wagworld.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dox pauses, stares hard at the camera.

DOX (V.O.)
The Assembly now controls your broadcast and communications channels. All planetary defense command and control codes are to be surrendered to my staff.

IN BARROOM

Lobo looks at the screen, along with everybody else.

DOX (V.O.)
If these conditions are not met immediately, I will initiate planetary destruction.

LOBO
Interrupt Tom Jones? Buncha blowhard bureaucratic bastiches.

He lets loose a ROUND from his huge SHOTGUN, BLOWING the video MONITOR off the wall. The heavy television flies through the air, landing atop the unfortunate Greystoke and pinning him, unconscious and bleeding, to the floor.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The highly intoxicated Altoonites finally notice Lobo as he one-hand-pumps at the shotgun and stands to face them.

AHAB
(giggling)
Looks like a bloody bounty hunter. He tracked us down.

DARVON
He thinks he's gonna haul us in.

Darvon and Ahab get up slowly, leaning on each other.

PHILEEP
I did a bit of bounty hunting for fun and profit, myself. I know you. You're Lobo.

LOBO
'Assassin to royalty and scourge of the cosmos.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHILEEP
Charming sobriquet. Come down a bit in the grand scheme, I see?

LOBO
(shrugs)
Times are tough.

Darvon and Ahab take a wobbly step forward, seemingly too drunk to stand.

DARVON
(purring)
Where'd you get those muscles?

She sidles toward him. Quick as a wink, Ahab drops his drunken ruse and dives for Lobo's gun, tries to wrench it from his hand.

But Lobo sidesteps, using the butt of the weapon to slam Ahab in the face once, twice, sending him flying over the table.

Meanwhile, Darvon ducks behind Lobo, pulls a Bowie knife from under her skirt, and plants it in the base of Lobo's neck.

Lobo staggers. The chain around his wrist uncoils, the hook at its end dangling futilely. But then he straightens up and strains his muscles, grunting with the effort. Slowly, the knife in his neck begins to emerge.

Thunk! Thrown with great force and perfect aim, the knife hits the floor next to Darvon, who is helping Ahab to his feet. They look at Lobo with surprise.

LOBO
There's a <u>right</u> way to do things, an' a <u>wrong</u> way to do things. An' annoyin' the Main Man is most definitely the <u>wrong</u> way.

Lobo swings his chain in a wide arc. The hook whips around Darvon's neck to catch on Ahab's throat; now they are both caught inside a loop. Lobo gives the chain a mighty yank, and their two heads crash together. They collapse -- hard.

Lobo turns to Phileep, grabs him by the throat and lifts him out of his chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO
If my contract didn't specify live delivery, you'd be dead now. Once he takes a job, the Main Man always keeps his word.

PHILEEP
You need not use violence with me. You'll notice I offered no resistance.

LOBO
(looks thoughtful)
Come ta think of it, ya didn't.

Crunch! Lobo head-butts Phileep with a mighty blow, dropping him atop his friends.

LOBO
You shoulda backed up your buddies, dude. I hate snivellers.

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - COMMAND CENTER - SAME TIME

Up in his ship's bridge, Vril Dox faces the video monitor image of Chairman Yardley, a planetary leader.

DOX
Your stubbornness will cost millions of lives. Why not sign the treaty and join the Assembly?

YARDLEY (V.O.)
Better a quick mercy killing than the slow death of living under your tyrannical New Order. Wagworld will never submit. This discussion is over.

Yardley's image disappears. Dox's expression tightens.

DOX
Yardley, don't disconnect me. I didn't dismiss you...
(pause; shrugs)
Hang up on Vril Dox? We will see about that.

Dox turns to Bradlow, fury on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOX
Bradlow? Compute the destruct pattern for the surface below. A ten-meter grid should do it...

BRADLOW
But, sir, we haven't given the warning required in our charter. We haven't exhausted all peaceable means...

DOX
You question me?

BRADLOW
I won't just take out a planet for no reason. The Assembly will never permit...

Dox pulls his side arm and FIRES a POWER BEAM at Bradlow. A softball sized hole appears in Bradlow's head, and he topples to the ground.

Dox turns to a young officer, DELPHI, a young blue helmet with a fresh, gung-ho face.

DOX
Lieutenant? Power up the rail guns and begin firing when ready.

Delphi snaps to...

EXT. SNOOZE BAR - LITTLE LATER

Lobo finishes tying the unlucky bail jumpers onto the back of his cycle. Phileep awakens, looks around in terror.

PHILEEP
You can't haul us off-planet without pressure suits. We're not like you, Czarnian. We'll die...

Lobo knocks him out again with a flourishing punch. He lifts the conscious Phileep's head up by the hair.

LOBO
What was that, Clyde? Gotta speak up...

Then Dox's first SALVO hits with a HISSING ROAR. Flames erupt, buildings collapse... Lobo disappears under an avalanche of rubble, and all is still.

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - COMMAND CENTER

Dox views the planetary bombardment over the video monitor, a distant expression on his face. Delphi mans a bank of controls at his side.

DOX
Excellent fire control, Lieutenant. What's your name?

DELPHI
Delphi, sir.

DOX
Well, Delphi, you've won a slot at headquarters as my new aide. What do you think of that?

DELPHI
(martial bearing)
Thank you, sir. I'll try to live up to your faith in me. Thank you, again.

DOX
Don't be too hasty. You saw what happened to the law man who held the job. And we've got a hundred and seventy planets to go yet. Engage star drive...

Delphi looks a little taken aback, but he turns to his console.

DELPHI
(pushing buttons)
Back to the capital?

DOX
Yes. I think I'll drop in on my bride-to-be. Won't <u>she</u> be surprised?

EXT. FLAGSHIP - CONTINUOUS ACTION

DOX'S hearty LAUGHTER can still be heard as the huge SHIP banks away and BLASTS into space at the head of a vast fleet.

WIDE VIEW - PLANET NEOFRATERNITY

MOVE IN ON a friendly blue-green world...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUPERIMPOSE:

PLANET NEOFRATERNITY.
CAPITAL OF THE UNITED PLANETARY ASSEMBLY.

DISSOLVE THROUGH the atmosphere to ARRIVE OVER a sleekly futuristic city... PICK OUT a building overlooking a center greenbelt... FIND and ENTER the tall window of a penthouse apartment...

INT. AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE - FORMAL PARLOR - NIGHT

Inside the sparsely furnished apartment, a young woman sits composed on the floor. She wears graceful, loose-fitting clothing of rich material, befitting her rank. This is DALINE ZAND, ambassador to the Interplanetary Assembly from the famed planet Czarnia.

If we look hard, we notice that the slight alien cast of her features bears a resemblance to... Lobo?!

On the floor before her, Daline views a video-hologram of the destruction of Wagworld. She winces with each explosion rewinding the clip over and over. Finally able to take no more, she beats the floor mournfully.

DALINE
No...!

Daline is devastated, but the reverie is interrupted by the arrival of her ancient liveried Czarnian attendant LENT. In a quiet hurry, he bends down to whisper to Daline.

LENT
It's him. And he's rather impatient, I'm afraid.

Vril Dox strides into the room and turns on a harsh light. Daline rises to her feet, fire and ice.

DALINE
Now you enter my private chambers unbidden. Your boldness knows no bounds, Vril.

DOX
As director of security for the entire assembly, I have the right to inspect without notice all premises in the capital. And your security, lady, is very lax indeed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALINE
Can you imagine, Commander, any person against whom I should protect myself?

Dox approaches to lean in for a kiss, but she pulls back.

DOX
Why do you turn away? I want to share this moment with you.

DALINE
You swore you wouldn't start the attacks. I trusted you, and now you've destroyed everything I've worked for.

DOX
Everything we've worked for, you mean. Together.

DALINE
The unified Security Force was my idea. You were my idea...

DOX
And now I've begun the campaign to bring all the treaty-free planets into your precious assembly.

DALINE
But at too great a cost.

DOX
No cost is too great if the goal is worthy.

He reaches for her again, seeks to close her in his arms.

DOX
And you are very worthy, my dear.

Daline relaxes for a moment -- Dox is seductive, no matter how evil. But then she squirms away forcefully.

DALINE
If I had not been so blinded by your charms, I might have seen what kind of devil you really are.

DOX
Think of it. With my victories and your Czarnian genes, we can found a dynasty to last eons!

CONTINUED:

DALINE
Why do I feel that you are more interested in Czarnia than in romance?

DOX
It is known to us that a good portion of your robot fleet survived the last war and has been hidden ever since. The Czarnian Automata... The most awesome armada in the universe.

Dox stares at an intricately shaped amulet hanging at the hollow of Daline's throat. She unconsciously draws her garments around her to hide it.

DALINE
The aftermath of that war convinced my ancestors that Czarnians should no longer kill their fellow beings. The Automata are a myth.

DOX
Myth or not, it is the only power that can match my fleet now. And of course, as my wife, you could never use it against me.

Dox takes her hand, brushes it lightly with open lips. Despite herself, Daline's body starts to respond with a shiver. But she catches herself, pushes him away.

DALINE
I don't love you, Vril.

DOX
There is another...

DALINE
There was, once. The only time I gave my heart, all I got to show for it was a tattoo in a most indelicate area...

DOX
Our wedding day is set... and soon.

DALINE
It can be un-set. No Czarnian could ever marry a murderer. And that's what you are.

CONTINUED:

Dox draws himself up.

DOX
I vow I will have you, Daline Zand. I will take you. There's not a soul in the universe who can stop me from taking everything I want.

EXT. PLANET WAGWORLD - SNOOZE BAR WRECKAGE - DAY

As if in answer to Dox's boast, a mountain of rubble begins to shudder...

A hand emerges, grasping, and then an arm, and then a dirty, pissed-off Lobo climbs to the smoking surface.

He squints against a mean wind that blows a cloud of dust over the slag heap. Lobo rubs his arm, removing a great deal of flesh that seems to peel away easily.

LOBO
Fallout! No wonder I got such a bastich of a hangover. Somebody did a nice frag job on this place, that's for sure.

Lobo gapes at his bike. The place where it stood is nothing but a pile of bricks, topped perhaps by a neon sign, flashing incongruously, intermittently. Lobo scrabbles though the rubble, knocking rocks aside.

Darvon's face suddenly leers out of the pile, very damaged and obviously dead, as are her two buddies. Lobo squints at the bodies, rolls them aside to uncover the bike.

LOBO
So much fer the dearly departed.
(beat)
If one piece o' the chrome is scratched, the Main Man's gonna be really pissed.

But the chrome is more than scratched; the bike is half fragged. When Lobo sees this, he lets out a giant bellow of frustration.

SAME SCENE - LATER

With the bike free of debris, Lobo tries repeatedly to start it.

CONTINUED:

Finally he dismounts, gives the bike a disgusted kick. CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-WHINE-ROAR!! The ENGINES KICK OVER by themselves, sounding somewhat sick. Lobo looks pissed.

He jumps on the bike, REVVING the throttle and producing a strangled, distorted, out of tune sound. The bike tries to lift off the ground, barely makes it, then settles back down.

LOBO
How utterly embarrassin'.
Somebody's gonna pay for this.
What was that guy's name? Pox?
Dox?

Muttering under his breath, Lobo twists the throttle again, limping off the dead planet at half-speed.

INT. AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE - FORMAL PARLOR - NIGHT

Daline sits at her sleek video-com terminal. When the call is connected, she finds herself facing an ancient, dignified man who looks at her critically: HERETH ZAND, her father and leader of the planet Czarnia.

A fawning tailor flits over Zand's shoulder, trying to measure a moving target. Zand brushes him away.

ZAND
Daughter... The loveliest and most troublesome creature in the cosmos. I'm suffering through the third fitting for my wedding garb.

DALINE
Father...

Her face says it all...

ZAND
Ah, the plight of every parent. The offspring reach out only when they find themselves in trouble. So the wedding's off?

DALINE
(nods)
I'm afraid we have a new enemy.

Zand reaches up with both hands, shreds the stiff collar of the Czarnian formal tunic. He hands the pieces dismissively to the Tailor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZAND
Ah, that's better.
(getting down
to business)
Given my illness, I'm not sure I could have survived seeing you married to that fool.

DALINE
There's more, Father. Vril knows about the Automata.

Zand's countenance darkens.

ZAND
It's not enough to ravish Czarnia's finest flower. Now he wants to put his grubby hands on the family jewels.

DALINE
He must be halted.

ZAND
I'm afraid you are in extreme danger, daughter. You must return home at once.

Daline looks defiant.

DALINE
Only after I exhaust every means of reining in Dox. We have friends enough...

ZAND
You must assume leadership of the council on Czarnia. My days are numbered.

DALINE
I will try this my way, Father. The Czarnian way.

ZAND
And if you fail? We must be prepared to unleash the unthinkable.

DALINE
Would you?

CONTINUED:

ZAND
I'm not sure. Hurry home, daughter.

Zand ends the call. Daline looks determined...

EXT. OUTER SPACE - VIEW OF SPAM'S WORLDLET - NIGHT

A tiny, misshapen planet in the middle of nowhere.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Spam's Worldlet. Pop. 212. Points of Interests: None."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINGY GARAGE - NIGHT

Next to a wall of speakers blaring SPEEDMETAL MUSIC, Lobo finishes putting his bike back together. The space hog is gleaming already as Lobo gets out a tiny brush to add some fine pinstripping. Odd to see the brute lavish such care...

A KNOCK. Lobo turns down the music and opens the door to reveal a small nervous MAN backed up by two larger fellows. The Man carries a clipboard.

MAN
Is this the Lobo residence? Im a representative of Larry's hi-fi shop? Where credit is king?

LOBO
Spare me the pitiful attempts at schmoozin', fart face. Whadda ya want?

MAN
I don't wish to offend, but you did buy an octophonic surround sound digital music system from us...

LOBO
So what, dweeb?

MAN
It says here that you're seven payments behind. Unless you turn over ninety-one-hundred credits. We've got to... to...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Man's throat constricts...

LOBO
Spit it out.

MAN
(cringing)
To take it back.

LOBO
Lemme see that...

Lobo grabs the clipboard from the Man, squints at it...

LOBO
That's my signature all right. Seven payments? It's your...

REPO-MAN (MAN)
Huh?

LOBO
What're ya waitin' for, butt brain? Take the crummy thing outta my sight.

REPO-MAN
Just like that...? Sure, sure...

He scrambles inside, directing the big moving guys to follow. They begin to lift the speakers.

LOBO
You coulda left the muscle at home, Clyde. The Main Man always keeps his word. Personally, I don't see how ol' Larry stays in business, lettin' deadbeats get so far behind.

Lobo pauses... The Repo Man doesn't know what to say.

LOBO
Hey, I got an idea. You need another repo-man?

Repo Man wants to say, "No way, Jose," but more than that, he doesn't want to piss off Lobo.

REPO-MAN
This work might be a little slow for a fighter like you...

CONTINUED:

LOBO
You know how it is... Coupla jobs went south... Fortune in chopper parts... Hell, I don't even have the dough to keep me in booze an' babes.

He slaps the Repo-Man on the back, nearly knocking him down.

In the background, one of the movers lifts the last heavy piece of the stereo, overbalances, and collides with the cycle, leaving a hefty scratch on a freshly painted panel.

EXT. LOBO'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The ugly building is covered with rock and roll graffiti. The sound of the previous scene continues over this shot.

LOBO (O.S.)
Hey, waitafragginminit!

BANG! CRASH! REND! Sounds of the violence emerge from the garage. With every noise, the IMAGE SHAKES as if the earth were being pounded.

The garage door bursts open, and the movers come flying out one at a time, crashing on the ground. Lobo appears, holding the little Repo-Man like a battering ram. Lobo tosses him through the air to fall besides his comrades.

Lobo vanishes and then reappears carrying what's left of the stereo. He holds it above his head.

LOBO
Open wide and say '<u>Aaaahhh</u>," geekwads.

He brings it down upon the dazed repo crew.

INT. LOBO'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Back inside, Lobo grabs a rag and begins lovingly polishing a skull-shaped chrome fitting on his space bike. Interrupted by the RINGING of his VID-PHONE, Lobo snarls in frustration.

LOBO
Now what?

CONTINUED:

He crosses to answer the call, finding himself facing the snowy Czarnian dignity of Hereth Zand. Lobo bristles.

LOBO
Hereth Zand. Chief elder of the Council of Czarnia. You look lousy, Clyde. How come you ain't dead yet?

ZAND
Cynical as always...

LOBO
Last time we talked I found myself chained up in the hold of a Delbian rice freighter with a one-way ticket off-system. I got a right to some attitude.

Lobo rattles the chain wrapped around his arm.

ZAND
I take it you still blame us for your present circumstances?

Lobo gestures around his garage.

LOBO
Welcome to exile. It ain't much, but it's got cable TV.

ZAND
Why not just disconnect me?

A beat.

LOBO
Somebody went to a lotta trouble to find this number. Gotta be an angle in it for me.

ZAND
I detect a veneer of shrewdness laid over the crude braggadocio that all Czarnia remembers so well.

LOBO
Everybody grows up sometimes...

ZAND
No doubt you're aware of the recent problems with the Assembly.

CONTINUED:

LOBO
(laconically)
I'm not much fer politics.

ZAND
There are better times ahead, times in which your skills at mayhem may be more useful than we realized.

LOBO
Ho -- this is sweet. First you dump me on a miserable low-G asteroid in East Palookaville, and now you come crawling back to me to do your fraggin' dirty work...

ZAND
I don't have time to waste. Do you want the job, or not?

LOBO
Yeah. But this time, the high and fraggin' mighty Council of Czarnia is gonna pay through the nose.

The negotiations begin...

INT. PLANETARY ASSEMBLY CHAMBERS - NEOFRATERNITY - NIGHT

Delegates of all races and alien species crowd the hall -- Wookies and Coneheads and bioluminescent Fish People.

Trumpeters play a fanfare, and the delegates fall silent. Before a huge map of the galaxy, a portly AMBASSADOR addresses the excited assembly. The map features groups of planets in several colors.

AMBASSADOR #1
The Assembly planets shine in the firmament with the gold of true faith. But every red dot you see on the map represents a selfish enemy of order, a laggard world that refuses to sign the Treaty. Tonight, thanks to the bravery of Commander Dox on Wagworld, we must face one less red blot!

A divisive shout arises...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONE SHOUT
Hang your heads! Wagworld is no more! How many millions perished today?

SCATTERED VOICES
Long live Dox! Long live the New Order!

ANGLE - DALINE

Rises. The other delegates clearly give her a lot of respect, and the chattering dies out as she speaks.

DALINE
First, I call for a moment of silence to mourn the victims of Wagworld.

She holds up her hand, and a hush falls over the crowd. A pause. Ambassadors of many species bow their heads.

DALINE
A tragedy has been perpetrated in the name of this Assembly. We are betrayed from within by our own commander.

A non-human AMBASSADOR rises to his feet and points at her.

AMBASSADOR #2
(via computerized audio translation)
Everyone knows you are the woman of Vril Dox. You championed him to the Assembly. A Czarnian conspiracy!

The murmur builds in agreement. Catcalls and hisses resound.

DALINE
Yes! I am a woman. And I admit my friendship with Vril Dox. But I can no longer stand idly by while he bloodies our name.

The PORTLY AMBASSADOR rises to his feet.

CONTINUED:

PORTLY AMBASSADOR
There are many in this room, perhaps more today than yesterday, who see the wisdom of the path laid down by Commander Dox. Long live the New Order!

A great shout of conflict goes up. Dox has some fierce supporters.

DALINE
Freedom is messy. Life is messy. Commander Dox is very good at cleaning up messes. He's a good cop. But we can't let the police control everything. And that is where we are headed.

She looks around the room, where Ambassadors are in an uproar.

DALINE
I propose a resolution to impeach Commander Dox, and to immediately decommission the Security Force.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

VIDEO IMAGE

PULL BACK FROM the pixellated video image of Daline on the podium to reveal Vril Dox watching a broadcast of her speech as he reclines at his sleek desk. He turns to Delphi.

DOX
How many troops have we in the vicinity of the Capitol?

DELPHI
Six platoons, four troop carriers, and a mobile command center.

DOX
So many?

DELPHI
Our supporters on the Assembly warned us of possible trouble, and I thought we should be prepared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOX
Excellent foresight. Put the troops on full alert. We may have a busy night.

Delphi bows slightly, hesitates. He starts to speak, slowly at first then gaining speed.

DELPHI
Sir...? I just want to thank you again. At the academy, I never hoped I would be this close to the action. Myself and all the officers in my class are behind the New Order.

Dox looks at Delphi cynically.

DOX
I love the earnestness of you academy brats. One of my greatest weapons. You know, I never went to school...

DELPHI
Sir?

DOX
I came of age a Lawrencium mine slave on Tromalkis. Bad food, toxic conditions... Worse than anything you'll ever know. We slaves outnumbered the Tromalkins by five to one, but they could still keep us down. Why do you think that is?

DELPHI
Lack of organization?

DOX
Precisely. No command structure. Very few people know this information, Delphi. Are you trustworthy?

DELPHI
Yes, sir.

DOX
One day in the mine tunnel, I turned to the slave next to me, and I said, 'Join me or die.'
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

DOX (CONT'D)
I had to kill him, and the one after that, but the third slave joined me. And we kept recruiting... the ones who didn't join... well, they would have died anyway from disease or starvation.

Dox pauses, remembering. He reaches into his tunic, pulls out a flask, drinks, offers it to Delphi. The young aide takes a small snort, winces.

DOX
Life lessons, Delphi. I'm feeling expansive today... So we slaves controlled the planet. And then we took over the surrounding system... do you know what we called ourselves? The New Order... A lot of pretty words.

DELPHI
It's more than that, sir.

DOX
I propose a toast. To the merchant class. To the vast system which guarantees different standards of living between people and planets, thus guaranteeing eternal conflict.

Dox takes another hit off the flask. He gets a far-away look in his eyes, an almost psychopathic gleam... he makes a sweeping gesture.

DOX
For me, this is all just an extension of my ultimatum to that first slave on Tromalkis. Join or die. The concept has an elemental simplicity, don't you agree?

DELPHI
Yes, sir.

Perhaps this is slightly more than Delphi wanted. He salutes, turns, exits. Alone, Dox slumps forward, chin in hands. Alexander at the top of the mountain, looking to conquer the next empty land.

Dox turns to the video. He watches as Daline silently harangues the Assembly, and he reaches out momentarily to caress her image.

CONTINUED:

DOX
Join. Or die.

EXT. PLANETARY ASSEMBLY CHAMBERS (NEOFRATERNITY) - NIGHT

Blue-helmeted troops are goose-stepping through the streets, lining up in formation around the building...

INT. PLANETARY ASSEMBLY CHAMBERS (NEOFRATERNITY) - NIGHT

A BAILIFF mounts the podium, bangs a gavel.

BAILIFF
Five minutes remaining to vote. All votes must be completed in five minutes...

The floor of the chamber churns with frantic wheeling and dealing, as the ambassadors talk each other up.

EXT. PLANETARY ASSEMBLY CHAMBERS (NEOFRATERNITY) - NIGHT

An armored personnel carrier flattens a barrier and bumps up the steps of the assembly hall...

INT. PLANETARY ASSEMBLY CHAMBERS (NEOFRATERNITY) - NIGHT

Daline sits calmly at her seat in the ranks. A smartly-dressed Lent consults at her side.

LENT
Dante and Pingo have voted our way. That puts us over the top.

DALINE
The hard part is ahead of us. I wish there were another way.

LENT
We both know there <u>is</u> another way. If we choose to use it.

A commotion at the back of the auditorium: noises, shouts... a troop of blue helmets bursts into the Assembly chamber, weapons raised.

Daline looks horrified as more troops jog in, taking up formation in the aisles. An OFFICER raises a bullhorn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER
This assembly is hereby ordered closed under a Security Force pacification order. Operations shall cease immediately.

The noise level climbs. Daline starts to rise to object, but brash ADMIRAL TURNER reaches to hold her back. He rises, himself, strides to confront the officer.

TURNER
Leave this chamber at once. You have no authority here.

OFFICER
Move back... Move back.

The hyper-ventilating Turner keeps approaching.

TURNER
You will lay down your arms at once.
(to the Assembly)
This is Dox's doing! See what comes of...

BLAM! The Officer pulls out his SIDEARM and guns Turner down.

As Turner falls, one wall of the Assembly caves in... an armored personnel carrier crashes through the wall onto the Assembly floor...

Ambassadors in the vicinity fall over each other trying to get out of the way. As they move, blue helmets OPEN FIRE, hitting more of the ambassadors.

Now pandemonium rules as the frightened ambassadors struggle to flee. One of them pulls out a WEAPON, FIRES, takes out several soldiers before he is gunned down.

Daline hits the floor, crawls behind desks. A non-human ambassador falls in front of her, mortally wounded. Daline spots an open doorway, scrambles for it.

OFFICER
Seal off the building. Make sure none of them get away...

Daline manages to slip through the doorway as many of her colleagues are killed.

EXT. CAPITAL SPACEPORT (NEOFRATERNITY) - NIGHT

A huge deep-space LINER IDLES at a terminal, billowing condensed gasses from its vents. Citizens urgently stream aboard its entrance ramps. An envious mob gathers below...

INT. SPACEPORT - TRAVEL GATE

Wearing a skin-tight outfit very different from her ambassadorial robes, along with a hat to hide her identity, Daline fights to hold her place in the angry line crowding the gate to flee the planet in the face of all-out war.

A team of well-armed blue helmets barely manages to hold the line against the surging crowd.

OFFICER
Traitors! The flight is full. Only those with officially booked tickets will be allowed past this point.

Daline's face shows her frustration as she pushes with renewed vigor through the crowd.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Final boarding call... Inter World Lightliner two-twenty. Cabin pressure in three minutes.

Daline pushes, shoves her way at the dense front of the line.

DALINE
I've got a ticket! Let me through!

Pushing even harder, Daline almost makes it to the barricaded gate, where a Lightliner employee is checking tickets under the watchful eyes of two heavily-armed blue helmets.

There is only one large man in front of her, with his back turned to her. Daline tries to push past him.

DALINE
Pardon me, please...

She nudges the man, but he does not budge. She taps him on the shoulder, then she bangs on him, like knocking on a door.

CONTINUED:

The man slowly turns: it's Lobo, wearing a swirling, dark overcoat and cap. He's ready to be pissed, but he only stares with surprise -- no, make that shock. He knows who she is, and boy, he doesn't like it.

DALINE
You...

Daline's equally taken aback. This is not the time...

LOBO
If this is a fraggin' joke, it ain't funny.

DALINE
Move.

Lobo stands still, mind working, not saying anything.

DALINE
You picked the wrong line to pull one of your melodramatic spurned-love kind of stunts. Get out of my way.

LOBO
Don't give yerself too much credit, babe. I'm here ta meet the ambassador. Seen him around?

When Lobo says "ambassador," several people in the crowd turn and look at him curiously. Daline pulls him aside, speaks in a low tone.

DALINE
Don't say that word.

LOBO
Which word? Am --

DALINE
Don't say it. What do you want with him?

LOBO
It's official. So kindly direct me to the party in question and I'll be on my merry way.

DALINE
Did someone hire you to kill him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO
Naw, I'm supposed to escort him back to Czarnia. Sorta bodyguard gig. So, much as I'd love to hang around and jaw over old times...

DALINE
Who hired you?

LOBO
The Council of Elders. As a matterafact, little rich girl, it was your father, Hereth Zand... no...

Daline nods.

LOBO
I'm supposed to meet him, he's gonna have a blue flower pinned to his lapel.

Daline turns over her lapel, revealing a pretty blue flower.

LOBO
Holy frag on toast! You're the ambassador!

Now even more people are looking at them, and troops are moving down the line, checking people.

DALINE
(sharp; sotto voce)
Would you shut up? First you arrive hours late and now you try to get us killed.

LOBO
Your old man must be getting senile. He already exiled me once for messin' with his daughter.

DALINE
That's not true, and you know it. You went berserk when we broke up...

LOBO
When you dumped me...

The loudspeaker breaks in...

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
All passengers should now be on board. Cabin pressure in one minute.

DALINE
Regardless of Hereth Zand's plotting, of which he did not inform me, thank you, I'm going to make this flight. Guard me until I get aboard, and I'll inform the council you fulfilled your duties admirably.

She tries to move around him, but Lobo puts out his arm to block her. She tries to duck, but Lobo won't let her pass.

ANGLE - HEAD OF LINE

Troops have pulled out a CITIZEN. He is down on his knees, whimpering.

CITIZEN
Please... please. I have a wife and children.

The blue helmet OFFICER throws a wad of tickets and cash at his face. The Officer turns to his troops.

OFFICER
Selling counterfeit tickets. The war hasn't even started yet and already we've got profiteers. Summary judgement.

The troops BLAST away...

ANGLE - LOBO

Stands in front of Daline to shield her from the shower of gore.

LOBO
I got a bad feeling about this...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Fifteen seconds to cabin pressure...

Daline tries to dart around Lobo to the ticket counter. Lobo wraps his arms around her to stop her from moving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALINE
I will make this flight.

LOBO
Can't let you do that...

A trooper notices them struggling, begins to scrutinize. Lobo sees him, turns Daline around, and fakes a lovers' embrace. The trooper turns away.

LOBO
(low, in her ear)
I gave my word I'd get you back to Czarnia alive. And we'll do it my way.

Daline struggles, knees Lobo hard in the crotch. The Main Man takes it, grimacing, doesn't let go.

LOBO
You're gonna regret that...

Daline does it again, harder.

LOBO
You're gonna regret that, too...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Five seconds to cabin pressure. Four, three, two, one... Pressure achieved. Prepare for vacuum. Clear the flight area.

Daline sags in Lobo's arms, giving up. Then she kicks his shin to free herself, looking at the ship with disgust. Lobo puts his arm around her shoulder.

LOBO
The place is crawling with spies. Just wave at the ship like we sent Granny on a nice cruise to the Crab Nebula.

EXT. FLIGHT FIELD

The space liner glides away from the terminal to a wide open area. Its nose lifts in the air, onto an immense gantry.

The massive cylinder begins to accelerate down its mag-lev track. It breaks free, begins to rise, and... FRAGABOOM. It EXPLODES in an incredible FIREBALL.

LOBO AND DALINE

Duck a raining shower of debris as the GLASS WALL EXPLODES. Lobo body-slams her to the ground, covering her as pieces THUD into his back. Daline struggles beneath him. At last she works her way free after the last of the shrapnel falls.

DALINE
Was it necessary to assault my person?

LOBO
I ain't taking any chances.

Lobo stands up, reaches out to help her. She ignores his hand to stand up on her own. Lobo bends down to pick up her bag, but she takes it back from him a little too quickly.

DALINE
Be careful with that...

Daline's head-covering has fallen off, and her hair billows around her face. A SCRAWNY CITIZEN in a long black coat stops and points.

SCRAWNY CITIZEN
(shouting)
It's the bitch from the assembly. She blew up the transport!

FEMALE CITIZEN
(shouting)
Sabotage...

The blue helmet squad leaps to attention, weapons at the ready. Lobo wheels on them, pulling out his SHOTGUN. He BLASTS a pair of blue helmets off their feet, grabs Daline, and ducks into the crowd.

The blue helmets fan out through the crowd, but Lobo and Daline are gone...

INT. SPACEPORT - CEILING SUPPORT - NIGHT

High above the floor of the terminal, in the spider web support-structure of the massive roof, Lobo and Daline crawl along a narrow beam.

Below them, the blue helmets search the crowd with frustration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALINE
This is wonderful. Now we're trapped up here like sitting ducks.

Lobo stops suddenly. Daline tries to stop, loses her balance, and slips off the beam, yelping. Lobo catches her arm, hauls her back up.

LOBO
Will you be quiet, please? I'd almost forgotten how you drive me up the fraggin' with your complain'...

DALINE
It's all coming back now... You're an even bigger oaf than I remembered.

LOBO
You can't talk to me that way. We ain't married...

DALINE
Talk about a fate worse than death. Just tell me how we're going to get out of here.

LOBO
You want out?

Lobo looks at the ceiling above him. He test-feels a blank panel above his head. Bracing his shoulders against the steel above, he gives a frustrated heave.

EXT. CAPITAL SPACEPORT - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

All is calm amid high tech ventilation towers and soaring skylights. Then a small crack of light appears in the thick roofing material. The crack gets wider, and Lobo forces his head and shoulders through the solid layer.

He climbs through the hole, leaning down to pull Daline up after him. Lobo drops her, and she lands hard on the roof.

DALINE
You can bet I'm going to ask my father what he was thinking when he hired you. The least likely... look out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The blue helmet's already leaping off the roof onto Lobo's back. Lobo grapples, throws off the man's neck hold... They trade punches. Then Lobo gets a grip on the man and flips him over in a lightning kung fu throw.

Perhaps too much lightning... The trooper flies through the air, crashes into a skylight, and drops to the floor of the terminal below in a shower of glass.

BELOW

The blue helmets react, aiming their WEAPONS at the hole in the glass, laying down a heavy BARRAGE at the roof.

ABOVE

Lobo and Daline crawl toward the bike, dodging the troopers' GUNFIRE.

DALINE
Must every problem be handled so violently? You could have quietly rendered him unconscious without giving our position away.

They reach the bike. Lobo mounts up, flicks switches to wake the machine up.

LOBO
Get on.

DALINE
Don't you have a helmet for me?

LOBO
I wish I had a muzzle. Hold on.

DALINE
I am <u>not</u> touching you.

She sits behind Lobo, careful not to touch him. Lobo FIRES UP the BIKE, which rises off the roof and banks into the air, climbing fast. Falling backwards, Daline is forced to grab him around the waist.

EXT. SPACEPORT ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Amid floodlights and SIRENS, a squad of blue-helmeted airmen sprints across the large, flat helipad to jump aboard VTOL (vertical take-off and landing) rocket craft.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The airmen FIRE UP their ENGINES and rise off the roof one by one.

As the craft gain altitude, hidden flight wings unfold gracefully. The VTOLs accelerate in formation...

EXT. UPPER ATMOSPHERE - NIGHT

Lobo and Daline burn a long off-planet trajectory on the space Harley.

Behind them, the VTOLs appear as a rapidly growing set of pinpoints. Lobo looks over his shoulder, reacts by giving the gas an extra squirt. The bike leaps ahead.

One of the VOTLs comes up on Lobo's tail. Lobo fakes right, jinks left, and barrel-rolls in a tight turn. The VTOL SCREAMS past -- Lobo's bike is much lighter and more maneuverable than the heavier fighters.

But now, the planet is far behind.

DALINE
We're leaving the atmosphere!

LOBO
You can take it. You're Czarnian, ain't you?

Two VTOLs close on Lobo from different directions. Lobo feathers the THROTTLE, keeping between them. At the last instant, he GUNS IT, threading the needle between the two bogies, who touch wings, lose control, and then bounce into each other, EXPLODING into one huge fireball.

The space Harley emerges from the cloud of burning gasses with the rest of the VTOL formation on its tail.

CLOSE SHOT - NAV SCREEN

Lobo's screen comes alive with a flashing, noisy warning: "Asteroids ahead. Reduce speed."

LOBO
Reduce speed? As if.

Lobo's hand jams the throttle... The Harley enters the asteroid belt of floating rocks, a wild-eyed Lobo dodging asteroids and steering in every direction. Daline hangs on for dear life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The VTOLs follow the bike into the onrushing asteroids. Two of them immediately smash into flaming fragments.

A third one keeps right on Lobo's tail, matching him turn for turn through the maze of rocks. Lobo takes him all the way to a big asteroid, turning only at the last moment. Too late for the VTOL, which wipes out...

LAST PURSUER

Picks his way cautiously through the treacherous zone.

PILOT
Firebug to squadron. Firebug to squadron. Please respond. I lost the bad guy... Come in someone.

The PILOT takes a slow turn around a large asteroid. He's not prepared for what he sees... Standing on a smaller asteroid nearby with his big thumb raised in a parody of the hitchhiking gesture: Lobo.

LOBO
You wonder what happened to your friends, Clyde? They got 'Roids. Very painful...

Lobo brings out his WEAPON, lets off a SHOT into the belly of the VTOL, which cooperates by EXPLODING nicely.

LOBO
Often fatal.

Daline emerges from behind a rock.

DALINE
Very impressive, big boy. We could have used that ship.

LOBO
Why? What's wrong with what we got?

Lobo speaks as he saunters to the waiting CYCLE, mounts, and FIRES it UP.

DALINE
You expect me to cross eight parsecs of space on a little scooter?

CONTINUED:

LOBO
This little scooter's got the latest Bendix star drive. Got a fraggin' chunka data matter in a magnetic bottle, and it'll outrun any starship in the universe.

DALINE
But what about a bathroom?

LOBO
Do what I do. Hold it in or hang it out. You coming?

Daline climbs on reluctantly. Lobo twists the throttle and they BLAST OFF.

INT. SECURITY FORCE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Dox sits alone, slumped at his desk. Nearby communications monitors all show endless replays of the transport ship blowing up at the spaceport, but the commander ignores them all.

Delphi enters uncertainly, carrying a steaming beverage, which he sets down before Dox.

DELPHI
We have no firm information that she was aboard, sir.

DOX
I want the wreckage thoroughly searched.

DELPHI
You loved the ambassador, didn't you, sir?

Dox turns to Delphi with controlled fury.

DOX
Love has little to do with it, my friend. Her planet controls the only force capable of stopping us. I won't sleep at night until I can neutralize the Czarnian fleet. And she'll help me do it.

Who's he think he's fooling. He really does love her -- it's written all over his face. But then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The communications center begins chirping new information. Delphi strides over efficiently and punches a button.

DELPHI
A firefight at the spaceport, sir. The ambassador!

VIDEO MONITOR

shows images of Lobo and Daline's escape from many different angles.

DELPHI
We lost six chaser craft.

Dox watches with relief, then curiosity, and then a growing anger.

DOX
Who's that warrior? He's not one of ours.

DELPHI
Working on that, sir. I'll have a profile on him any minute.

A monitor flashes images of intergalactic bad guys, searching through different races and faces before finally identifying Lobo by comparing it with an image from the escape footage.

DELPHI
We've got him, sir, and he's a bad one. A registered bounty hunter called Lobo. Thirty confirmed kills.

DOX
How could he get past our defenses? He's nothing more than a common thug.

DELPHI
I'm not so sure. Take a look.

DOX
This can't be right. Planet of origin, Czarnia? That's impossible. There's no criminals on Czarnia. Not for centuries.

Delphi punches a few more buttons.

CONTINUED:

DELPHI
Must be an input error. No, here it is. He's a Czarnian all right. Arrested and exiled at age seventeen for a violent rampage in which he blew up an entire secondary school with a homemade plutonium bomb.

DOX
Interesting. These psych indexes are off the known scale. But only three of twelve tests are reported.

DELPHI
Apparently Lobo terminated the examiner who asked about his sexual orientation. Imagine... A psychopath with the mental agility and superhuman strength of a Czarnian...

DOX
A completely warped personality with an insatiable need for violence, contained in an indestructible body. Very interesting...

Dox's musings are interrupted by the arrival of a hulking TROOPER, who enters and stands at a respectful distance. We recognize him as the brutal officer who manned the line of evacuees at the spaceport.

TROOPER
Sergeant Stig Nelto, reporting as ordered.

DOX
What is this?

DELPHI
The lightliner...

Dox turns to Nelto.

DOX
So Sergeant Nelto took it upon himself to limpet mine an entire Ivy class astro cruiser.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELTO (TROOPER)
Too many of our detainees managed to sneak aboard, sir. Destroying the ship became the only way to stop them from fleeing.

DOX
At a cost of some fifteen hundred civilian lives?

NELTO
I placed the mine myself.

DOX
And you have no qualms about causing so many deaths?

Nelto meets Dox's steady stare.

NELTO
I enjoy killing my enemies no matter the quantity.

DOX
Of course you do. But you couldn't know that the entire operation at the spaceport was designed to capture just one person. And had you succeeded in killing her, you would now be on your way to execution.

NELTO
So be it.

Dox stands up, drawing to his full height. He's about to let Nelto have it, but then he turns to Delphi with another idea.

DOX
This man's attitude could be useful. Delphi, let's jump Nelto's rank, give him a ship and a platoon of commandos, and send him after the Ambassador.

Dox indicates images of Lobo and Daline on the monitors.

DOX
This one -- dead. And this one -- alive. If you succeed, I'll reward you well. If you fail... In theory, you're already marked for execution. It won't be a big step to make it a reality.

EXT. SPACE LANE 66 - NIGHT

Lobo and Daline rip through the blackness aboard the chopper.

DALINE
This is not the most comfortable way to travel.

Lobo doesn't respond. She reaches up, taps on his shoulder, and points to a huge sign floating in the middle of nowhere: SPACE LANE 66 TRUCK STOP -- ENTRANCE AHEAD.

DALINE
You better pull off if you don't want a large unsightly stain on your seat.

LOBO
Y'know, I remember when you weren't such a sissy. Matterafact, I remember when you got that tattoo on your cute little...

DALINE
Don't say it.

LOBO
Why not? You could make it dance...

DALINE
Remember, I know what your name was before you became Lobo...

LOBO
Don't say it...

DALINE
Stop the bike. Elwyn...

Lobo gives a big groan of surrender, throttles back, banks a turn, and soon approaches a cobbled-together space station built from the remains of several junked starship hulls.

INT. TRUCK STOP - HANGAR DECK

Lobo pilots through a space lock and settles the bike on a parking area jammed with big space vehicles -- freighters, barges, courier packets. Lobo dismounts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO
You got great taste, babe. This place is known for its cheeseburgers.

DALINE
As long as they have sanitary facilities and plenty of distilled water, I'll be fine.

LOBO
You're in for an education...

Lobo heads into the bowels of the truck stop space station...

INT. SPACE STATION RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Lobo guides Daline into a large and busy cafe, bristling with tough teamsters and Indie space haulers. The roof is a transparent bio-plastic dome, open to the stars.

LOBO
I'll order us a coupla burgers, while you go punish the porcelain.

DALINE
You eat what you want. I'm a vegetarian.

She walks off haughtily.

LOBO
(to himself)
Of course...

INT. RESTAURANT - COUNTER - NIGHT

The orderly transaction of affairs is shattered by a shout from Lobo. He pounds the table in time with his words.

LOBO
Whaddayamean you ain't got no burgers?

The WAITRESS isn't taking any lip from any Czarnian superhero.

WAITRESS
Listen, buddy, we ain't had a meat delivery in three days. Ain't you heard there's a war on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO
Okay, okay. What do you have?

WAITRESS
We got a special chili made from giant Jupiter beans. Fry your tongue off.

LOBO
Sounds good.

WAITRESS
You'll love it. It's vegetarian.

She walks away, and Lobo puts his head down in his arms.

CLANG!

An empty BOWL CRASHES onto a pile of half a dozen others. Lobo reaches for another bowl of chili, and begins slurping up the large squishy pink beams. He waves at the Waitress.

LOBO
Hey, angel-tits! Bring me another couple bowls a this fraggin' ambrosia.

Across from him, Daline daintily picks up her own bowl of chili, which is barely touched.

DALINE
You're making a spectacle of yourself with your gluttony.

LOBO
This? This is just a between-meal-snack, babe. Order me a six-pack while I go bruise the bidet.

Lobo gets up and wanders off, as Daline shakes her head and takes a minuscule but meditative bite of food.

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

The walls of the restroom scream out with the ubiquitous rock and roll graffiti of this universe. Lobo stands looking at himself in the mirror. He presses his temples.

LOBO
This is getting to be a long day.

OUTSIDE RESTROOM

Lobo pauses at a video jukebox, punches up a vintage Tom Jones performance of "Little Red Book." He lip syncs to a few bars, but then his STOMACH RUMBLES LOUDLY, causing several people nearby to look at him strangely.

LOBO
That last bowl of chili was a bastich.

ANGLE - DALINE

She approaches two steroidal redneck bumpkins, BUNDY and JERRY JEFF, scarfing huge plates of grease-laden chow at the counter.

DALINE
Pardon me. I wonder if you gentlemen are truckers...?

They turn with belligerent annoyance at this stupid question.

BUNDY
Well, we ain't modern dance instructors...

DALINE
So you are in possession of a sizeable vehicle capable of deep space maneuvers? One that can be hired?

JERRY JEFF
Huh?

BUNDY
Your rig, Jerry Jeff. She wants to see your rig.

JERRY JEFF
Climb on, sweetheart. It'll take you where you want to go.

He grabs his crotch suggestively, leers. Daline looks at him with cool disgust.

BUNDY
Just where are you wantin' to go?

DALINE
The Czarnian sector...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY JEFF
Czarnia? Say, you look familiar...

The two truckers confer in whispers for moment...

BUNDY
We don't get many fancy ladies in these parts. Especially with a price on their heads.

He leans in menacingly, smiles a rotten grin in her face. Daline gives him a mild shove backwards.

DALINE
Didn't your mother teach you about dental floss?

Bundy cracks up.

BUNDY
Bing-bam. She dissed you and your mother all at once, bro.

JERRY JEFF
Nobody insults my mother.

He shakes his fist at Daline. Bundy tries to restrain him, but Jerry Jeff reaches out to tear her shirt, exposing her undergarments.

Daline spits in his face.

JERRY JEFF
You ugly bitch.

BUNDY
Teach her a lesson, bro.

ANGLE

Deep in the throes of Tom Jones worship, Lobo's reverie is violently interrupted by the sound of a CRASH.

LOBO
What the frag?

ANGLE

Bundy and Jerry Jeff hold Daline pinned on the counter, as a nasty crowd draws round to watch. Jerry Jeff draws a big knife, holds it to Daline's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUNDY
Let's take her out a half parsec and space her.

JERRY JEFF
Yeah. Exploding frozen bimbo. Heh-heh.

Then from out of nowhere, Lobo's chain-hook comes flying to circle Bundy's neck. Jerry Jeff looks surprised...

Lobo gives a mighty yank, pulling Bundy off his feet. The trucker flies through the air, crashing head first into a steel support beam. Lobo reels in his chain.

Jerry Jeff raises his fists to swing at Lobo, but instead the Main Man grabs him around the throat to immobilize him.

LOBO
Congratulations, Clyde. This has been one of the most frustratin' days of my entire life. I been shot at. Been cheated out of a cheeseburger. I'm stuck with my fraggin' ex-girlfriend on a two day jump across deep space. And to top it off, I got a bastich of a stomach-ache. Hear that?

Lobo's gut rumbles again... He shoves the business end of the hook into Jerry Jeff's nostril. Lobo gives a vicious twist, and the point of the hook embeds itself deep in the squirming trucker's nose.

LOBO
I ain't fragged anyone for almost five minutes. Guess what? You win...

Lobo heaves on the chain, sending the trucker whipping around the room to bounce off a wall. Lobo gives a yank, pulling the hook out of Jerry Jeff's face with a sickening CRUNCH. Some of his nose is left on the hook...

LOBO
All right. Any of you dweebs and feebs want to back these boys up?

Virtually every trucker in the place stands up. Apparently Bundy and Jerry Jeff have a few friends...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Weapons are drawn: knives rasped out their sheaths, shotguns pumped, hammers cocked. Lobo looks at all the armament.

LOBO
Okay, okay. Way I see it, what we got here is a standoff...

TRUCKER #1
Are you kidding? There's fifty of us and only one of you.

Stomach rumbling, Lobo starts to reach into his pocket. The weapons bristle...

LOBO
Cigar...

Lobo pulls out a cigar, sticks it in his mouth. He searches himself, patting down his pocket and causing more unease...

LOBO
Lighter...

Flicking his Zippo, he puffs his cigar...

LOBO
Fifty to one. Sounds like good odds to me...

Lobo deliberately turns his back to his opponents.

TRUCKER #2
Who cares if his back is turned? Kill him.

The FIRING starts, but Lobo suddenly bends over, and the bullets eat up the wall behind him.

Still bent over, Lobo holds up his Zippo, and lets rip with the gargantuan FART that has been brewing all this time. The Zippo ignites the gasses, sending a massive EXPLOSION and firestorm through the diner.

Not a trucker is left standing, and their hangout is a wreck. Lobo picks himself up and he bends down to help Daline. She brushes away his hand and rises, making sure her bag is okay.

DALINE
I've never seen such a vile display of crudity in all my life...

EXT. SPACE LANE - NIGHT

Lobo and Daline are back on the chopper. He's taking a ton of grief.

DALINE
I was merely trying to engage those men in a dialogue about the error of their psychosexual views.

LOBO
Those guys were hard to convince. But they came around.

Lobo bangs his fist into his palm for emphasis.

DALINE
That's your trouble. Always thinking with your fists. I could have handled them just fine.

LOBO
Okay. If you'd prefer the company of two dozen horny truckers, I'll take you back.

DALINE
And another thing. I am not your ex-girl friend.

LOBO
Oh yeah? Remember that night on the moon above Ubik Seven? Or is that just another notch on your pistola?

DALINE
Maybe if you'd gotten a haircut and a regular job, settled down...

As Daline speaks, the cycle begins to pull away into the blackness until it is just a point. Far away, but not too far for us to hear Lobo's giant yell of frustration.

MONTAGE - BLUE HELMETS

Attack a planet. Dox's rampaging army invades a prosperous world, attacking in city streets, farm fields, and luxurious living quarters...

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - COMMAND CENTER

Monitors display the above images of the planetary attack by the Assembly fleet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amid the busy crew, the ever-present Delphi approaches Dox.

DELPHI
The first troops are returning from Verona, sir.

DOX
Excellent. I think I'll pay a visit to the flight deck and greet the men myself.

Dox rises, and Delphi follows.

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - ELEVATOR

Dox and Delphi ride together, descending rapidly. Delphi consults his electronic clipboard.

DELPHI
We have some news about Lobo and the Ambassador. Apparently he used some new kind of thermonuclear device to knock out a truck stop franchise in sector 943.

DOX
What about our pursuit team?

DELPHI
Still several hours behind, but they appear to be gaining ground.

The elevator doors open, revealing a vast hangar beyond.

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - FLIGHT DECK

Dox and Delphi walk under the bellies of several craft, from which an incredible array of goods is being unloaded: furniture, fighting tanks, bomb, works of art. They stop at the open area where barrels are stacked dozens of feet into the air. Delphi examines a barrel.

DELPHI
The finest wines I've seen. Some labels predate the oldest available on Neofraternity.

DOX
What a decadent world...

CONTINUED:

Dox leaps to the top of a barrel, drawing his sidearm and waving it over his head. He shouts over the hubbub.

DOX
Attention all troopers. Today we have advanced the New Order an immeasurable degree. Let us pause for a victory revel.

Dox FIRES his WEAPON at the rows of barrels, blowing holes in their sides. Rich wine spouts forth, and the troops scramble below, using their helmets to catch the liquid.

SAME SCENE - LATER

Dox sits in a great gilded chair -- loot from the sack of Verona -- as he presides over the feast. He broods as the feast roars around him. A slightly tipsy Delphi approaches, bearing two huge goblets of spirits.

DELPHI
Try some, sir. It's the rarest vintage in existence. Nearly two hundred years old.

Dox takes the cup, looks at the light through the wine.

DOX
Things are going better than expected, aren't they? They'll call me 'World Smasher,' after this. And yet the one thing I want most in the universe, I cannot have.

He pours the wine out on the floor to Delphi's stricken expression. Dox stands up. With determination, he tosses the goblet to smash on the floor.

DOX
I'm going after her myself. Delphi, prepare the fleet.

Delphi looks worried...

DELPHI
Sir... I've been meaning to speak up. Don't you feel we've begun to detour a bit from our original ideas?

CONTINUED:

DOX
What the hell do you mean?

DELPHI
I'm having a little difficulty with the reason behind our latest set of military actions. If our goal is to further the New Order...

DOX
What are you talking about?

DELPHI
This obsession with the Czarnian woman... The looting...

Dox draws his side-arm, calmly aims it at Delphi.

DOX
Do you think I got this far by losing my senses over any woman, even that woman? She's the key to the whole puzzle.

DELPHI
Still, sir. I...

DOX
Must I give you the ultimatum as well? Remember. Join or die...

Delphi stiffens...

DELPHI
Of course, sir. I forgot my place... I will plot a course...

Dox strides off, leaving Delphi to stare with disgust at the spreading puddle of glorious red wine.

INT. NELTO'S SHIP - COCKPIT

Accompanied by couple of hardened FLYBOY TYPES, Nelto keeps his eyes glued to a radar screen as the ship screams forward through space.

NELTO
Picking up traces of heat memory here... getting stronger. Okay, I've got a vector.

CONTINUED:

PILOT
Target identification engaged...
Computing...

NELTO
We've almost got the bloody
bastard...

EXT. SPACE LANE 66

A phalanx of futuristic big rig space trucks rockets by...

INT. BUNDY'S RIG

Bundy sits behind the wheel of his rig, which naturally features girlie calendars, COUNTRY TUNES on the STEREO, and cheesy bumper stickers. Bundy reaches for his mic...

BUNDY
Okay, this is goin' out to all you
teamsters in this patch of vacuum.
We got a big time beef with a
chopper-ridin' scum named Lobo.

Bundy turns to Jerry Jeff, seated beside him. Jerry Jeff has a big bandage where his nose should be. He tries to talk, can't, and winds up mutely pointing to his nose.

BUNDY
The good book says, 'An eye for an
eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a
nose for a nose.' And that's what
we're gonna do. Load up the heavy
artillery, boys.

Bundy pushes a button, and...

EXT. BUNDY'S TRUCK

The roof of the truck opens up, and a huge big-bore cannon emerges.

EXT. SPACE LANE 66 - FURTHER AHEAD

Lobo and Daline ride along through the starry night. She's getting a little sleepy, nodding forward to rest her head on Lobo's shoulder. Unconsciously, she circles her arms around him more tightly...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lobo tries to shrug her off, but she only snuggles deeper into his shoulder. Lobo's reaction: complex feelings awakened. This assignment is tougher than he realized.

LOBO
Women...

Daline wakes up, realizes what she's doing, and stiffens.

DALINE
How long have I been out?

LOBO
Coupla hours... We just passed the Thracian Star Pool...

DALINE
Isn't that...?

LOBO
Where we had our first kiss? So what?

DALINE
I was going to say, where you got drunk and threw up all over my favorite party dress. It was real Earth silk!

LOBO
As I recall, you were drunker than I was, Miss Smart Mouth. Tell me what happened after that.

DALINE
I took off my dress and gave it to you to rinse out...

LOBO
And then?
(off her silence)
See? You don't even remember.

DALINE
I remember. Some things one doesn't speak of out loud...

LOBO
Once upon a time, babe, it was all we talked about...

Just then the NAV console sounds a WARNING, flashing a "Radar Lock" graphic showing the two pursuing groups.

CONTINUED:

LOBO
Holy frag! We got an army after us. Hang on!

Lobo banks a hard screaming turn, jamming the throttle.

LOBO
Nav system. Coordinates for the nearest inhabited piece of mass. Anywhere.

The system churns for a moment and then comes up with an answer, showing a pinkish world and a set of coordinates.

LOBO
We can just about make it if we burn everything we have.

He jams the gas...

DALINE
Wait a minute. If we're being chased, why are we running to this planet? We'll be trapped.

LOBO
Evasive tactics, babe. Out here, we're sittin' ducks. The only way to get clear is to lose ourselves in a cloud of space junk and then try to sneak away.

INT. NELTO'S SHIP

The PILOT looks up.

PILOT
Target's changed direction.

NELTO
Stay with it...

CO-PILOT
He's heading for a treaty-free zone.

PILOT
We can't touch him there.

Nelto pulls out a heavy-duty hi-tech handgun, brandishes it.

NELTO
Wanna bet...?

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Approaching the planet ahead, Lobo and Daline tear through space. Looks like they made it... Until BA-BOOM! BOOM! Flak explodes all around them.

INT. BUNDY'S TRUCK

Bundy pilots his big rig, madly squeezing the fire button on his joystick.

BUNDY
We've got him now. The Main Man is toast.

AHEAD

Lobo jams it. The planet looms, and now Lobo and Daline are flying through a dangerous field of space junk -- satellites, billboards, docking stations, and oddly, an old commode.

LOBO
We almost got it...

JUST BEHIND

Bundy looks frustratedly through his view-screen.

BUNDY
Dang. Lost visual contact.

Jerry Jeff looks like he might cry, but then he points to a SENSOR on the dash, WHINING excitedly.

BUNDY
Sensor's got 'em dead ahead.

Bundy pulls up beside a large battered metal cylinder -- like a spare Space Shuttle booster rocket.

BUNDY
Must be hiding inside. I'm gonna blow you into sow slop, Lobo.

As they reach the container, however, it rotates slightly to reveal a freshly-painted graffiti message in large, blood-red letters on the side: "THE FRAG YOU WILL."

EXT. EMPTY SPACE JUNK TANK

Attached to the underside: a small thermonuclear device. The digital timer counts down to "0:00."

INT. BUNDY'S TRUCK

Jerry Jeff gives a small, high-pitched whine of worry, and then the TANK next to him EXPLODES, BLOWING UP the TRUCK along with it.

SPACE HARLEY

Riding away, Lobo and Daline are buffeted by a minor shock wave.

DALINE
Why are we still riding toward the planet?

LOBO
We got one more bogey to worry about. And I could use a drink.

DALINE
I could almost use one myself.

Lobo turns around and raises his eyebrows at her briefly.

LOBO
Oh, really?

DALINE
(nudging him)
Look out!

Lobo turns back, banks the bike to dodge a rapidly approaching piece of space junk.

DALINE
Keep your eyes on the road, buster.

INT. CUSTOMS HOUSE (PLANET VEGAS WEST) - SPACEPORT - NIGHT

Lobo and Daline stand before a desk, behind which a sleazy OFFICIAL gives them the fisheye.

OFFICIAL
Let's see what's in them bags, folks.

Lobo heaves his duffel onto the table, empties out a comically growing display of weaponry: guns, knives, grenades.

OFFICIAL
Business or pleasure trip?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lobo eyes Daline ironically.

LOBO
Strictly pleasure.

OFFICIAL
Okay, put it all back.
(to Daline)
What's in <u>your</u> bag?

Daline holds her bag tighter to her body. She doesn't want to show its contents.

DALINE
Just a few personal items...

OFFICIAL
Spill it.

DALINE
Must I really?

Lobo is putting his guns and bombs back in his bag. He picks up a handgun, aims it at the Official.

LOBO
Yeah. Mus' she?

OFFICIAL
Rules is rules. But we got an alternative.

He points to a placard above the desk: "BRIBES ACCEPTED."

LOBO
How much?

OFFICIAL
Five hundred.

LOBO
That's a fraggin' felony. One hundred.

OFFICIAL
Look, I don't set the rates. You wanna quibble, take it up wit' the Syndicate.

LOBO
Fraggin' Syndicate. What if we ain't got the dough?

CONTINUED:

From among Lobo's stuff, the Official picks up a nice antique pocket watch. Expensive-looking.

LOBO
Careful, Clyde. That's a fraggin' family heirloom. Belonged to my great-great-grandpa.

The Official closes his hand over the watch.

OFFICIAL
Ought just about cover it. Yup. Lucky I'm feelin' generous.

Lobo reaches out to take the watch back, but the Official pulls it away.

LOBO
Okay, okay. You win.

Lobo picks up his bag, hesitating.

OFFICIAL
Whadda you waitin' for? A receipt? Go suck my armpit.

Lobo and Daline walk away, approaching an entrance archway, under a sign that reads: "WELCOME TO VEGAS WEST. WEAR YOUR WEAPON. USE A BACKUP! FINE FOR GOING UNARMED: 500 CREDITS." Daline turns to Lobo.

DALINE
What kind of world is this?

LOBO
Treaty-free zone. Anything goes. The seven families of the Suthlamese Syndicate run the show.

DALINE
This is the way of life I'm struggling to preserve? Maybe Dox has a point.

LOBO
There's that Dox guy again. Hope I come up against him sometime during this gig.

DALINE
Better hope you don't.

ANGLE - CUSTOMS DESK

The sleazy Official picks up his new watch...

OFFICIAL
Thanks, sucker...

He opens the WATCH, which begins to PLAY a silly little TUNE. The second hand sweeps around to zero.

ANGLE - LOBO AND DALINE

React to a flash, a BOOM, and a scream from the customs desk. Lobo grins.

DALINE
What was that?

OFFICIAL
Gramps always was a bastich.

ANGLE

From a nearby vid-phone booth, dressed in a tourist clothes, Stig Nelto watches them. As Lobo and Daline move away, Nelto directs his men to follow them.

EXT. OUTER SPACE ABOVE VEGAS WEST - NIGHT

A peaceful VIEW of the glowing planet... Then, ominously, the dark ships of Dox's war fleet hover INTO VIEW...

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - COMMAND CENTER

Dox turns to Delphi.

DOX
Progress report.

DELPHI
Our commando team has established contact.

DOX
Ah, Nelto. Our pet pit bull...

DELPHI
Targets are still on the planet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOX
Order Nelto to hang back for now, but to keep the subjects in view. And get me the head of the Suthlamese Syndicate. I'm going to make him an offer he can't refuse.

INT. LUX-SPLENDOR CASINO (VEGAS WEST) - NIGHT

Lobo and Daline stand at a railing, looking out over a vast and richly appointed gaming room. Lobo wears a baseball cap and shades, a minimal effort at disguise.

He picks up a drink from a row of six or seven glasses at his elbow. He tosses the whole thing into his throat, swilling it with one gulp. He belches.

DALINE
Not only have I no desire to be here. But I find the whole concept of this planet extremely cheesy.

LOBO
Shut up and drink your mai tai.

Lobo drinks off another cocktail.

ANGLE - SECURITY CAMERA

The discreet video camera pivots toward them, unnoticed by Lobo. Daline picks it up, however.

DALINE
Let's get out of here, now. Before someone recognizes us.

LOBO
Just relax. I need a few more minutes to recover my sanity.

DALINE
I don't think you know the meaning of the word.

Lobo picks up a drink and stomps off, leaving Daline behind to simmer.

EXT. LUX-SPLENDOR CASINO (VEGAS WEST) - NIGHT

Outside the casino, the X-rated Vegas West bustle is ripped apart by the THUNDERING arrival of JOSEY BEAR and her leather-bound BIKER BABES aboard a DOZEN fire-breathing ROCKET HARLEYS.

Josey REVS her ENGINE, and dismounts, a tall, take-no-prisoners vision in ripped fishnet tights, biker boots, and black-armored bustier. The biker babes follow her inside...

INT. LUX-SPLENDOR CASINO (VEGAS WEST) - NIGHT

Standing at a row of slot machines, Lobo looks forlornly at a single, sad coin in his palm. Daline looks smug.

DALINE
Lose it now and let's be on our way.

Lobo raises the coin, but his arm is caught by a leather-gloved hand.

JOSEY
Not so fast, 'Bo. Let Josey give it the old good luck treatment.

Josey takes Lobo's hand and stuffs it inside her bustier. She shakes her chest back and forth, and a smile comes over Lobo's face. He pulls out the coin, puts it in the slot, and pulls the lever. Jackpot.

Lobo and Josey crash together in a body-slamming bear hug.

To which Daline reacts negatively...

DALINE
(hint of jealousy)
What is <u>this</u>?

LOBO
Josey Bear! How long's it been?

JOSEY
Since you left me standin' at the altar back on Rudy's Rock, you ugly lug.

LOBO
Hey, no hard feelin's, huh?

CONTINUED:

JOSEY
Hell, no, 'Bo. I got my own gang now. Here's Helga, Ruby, Ramona, Tita, Tawana...

Lobo smacks hands with high-fives all around. Lobo grabs a coin, shoves it into the slot machine. Another jackpot...!

INT. CASINO - CASHIER - NIGHT

A bored and grumpy Daline slumps in a corner, shaking her head as Lobo dumps an armload of coins in front of the cashier...

The cashier gives Lobo one big golden gambling chip with a lot of zeroes on it -- in a spiral toward the middle. Lobo's hairy hand clutches the chip, gives it a flip, catches it.

INT. LUX-SPLENDOR CASINO (VEGAS WEST) - NIGHT

Lobo stands before the biggest slot machine in the known universe, a monster five stories tall. He looks from the chip in his hand to Daline, leaning against a wall and impatiently tapping her foot.

LOBO
I ain't never won a thing in my life, and lookit me now.

DALINE
You're not thinking of putting it in that machine.

LOBO
Tonight, I can't lose. It's ordained.

DALINE
I'll never understand the gambling impulse.

LOBO
You wouldn't.

DALINE
Will you please end this foolishness so we can get back on the road?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO
One sec, okay?

He steps to a waiting elevator platform, where a liveried operator awaits. The operator pulls a lever, and the platform rises to a level midway up the giant slot machine, where a coin slot awaits.

Josey and her Girls shout from below.

JOSEY AND GIRLS
(in unison)
Do it! Do it!

Lobo swallows hard, drops the megachip in the slot. He stands poised, and then he leaps onto the machine's giant lever arm, riding it to the ground.

Even Daline drops her bored facade for a moment to gaze expectantly at the machine... the wheels stop... one, two, three... all the same. Lobo wins the jackpot. Lights and SIRENS GO OFF...

INT. LUX-SPLENDOR CASINO - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A ferrety PIT BOSS leads Lobo, followed by Daline and Josey and her Girls, down a richly-appointed corridor.

PIT BOSS
You understand, of course, Senor Lobo, that when a client hits such a large jackpot at the Lux-Splendor Casino, the boss likes to handle things personally.

They arrive at a door at the end of the corridor, guarded by two hulking mobsters. The two guards, nod, swinging open the door to a huge office.

INT. LUX-SPLENDOR CASINO - OFFICE - NIGHT

The boss of the Lux-Splendor rises. He bears an uncanny resemblance to...

LOBO
Tom Jones...?

JONES
A twenty-seventh generation genetic clone, actually. The business I'm in, the image helps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO
I'm a huge fan. I got all your records. I am in awe.

JONES
They call me the King of Vegas. Way you been winning, maybe you oughta take over.

LOBO
No hard feelings, huh?

JONES
On the contrary.

The guns come out: suddenly, Jones and the Vegas thugs draw large-bore pistols.

Josey calmly crosses the room, leans against Jones's desk, and draws her own gun to point at Lobo and Daline. Her Girls do the same. Josey leans back to plant a kiss on Jones's cheek.

JONES
Good work, babe.

LOBO
(to Josey)
A set up. That was a dumb move, ya stupid bitch. Now I gotta kill ya.

JOSEY
Just try it. You're loser this time, Lobo. Once a loser, always a loser.

JONES
Can it, you two. Okay, Czarnians, I want you to meet my new partner.

Jones presses a button on his desk, and a panel slides away from a video screen, revealing the gloating image of Dox.

DALINE
Vril Dox. I might have known.

DOX (V.O.)
Politics makes such strange bedfellows, does it not?

CONTINUED:

DALINE
What about the New Order? I thought you meant to clean up places like this.

DOX
Once Jonesy opened his books to me, I found out vice could be pretty impressive.
(to Lobo)
I don't believe I've had the pleasure. You're the one who calls himself Lobo...?

LOBO
You can call me Death, Clyde, 'cause you're lookin' at him.

They stare each other down... a long beat, a foreshadowing of a confrontation to come. Dox breaks the eye contact first.

DOX
It would have been easier, Daline Zand, if you had accepted my offer of marriage from the start.

LOBO
(going off)
Marriage? You were gonna marry this creep?

DALINE
Hardly.
(to Dox)
My answer is still the same.

DOX
I'm disappointed, not surprised. Jones, you will transfer the woman to my ship at once. The bounty hunter is yours, as agreed. Remember, he's dangerous.

JONES
This is the start of something big for Vegas....

JOSEY
Hey, ain't we forgetting something?

JONES
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSEY
My fee.

DOX
Yes... kill her, Jones. Once her kind of treachery starts, you never know where it will stop.

Jones levels his weapon at her; his thugs point their guns at her gang.

JONES
Sorry, Josey. Guess you don't fit in the New Order.

JOSEY
The hell you say...

She grabs for his gun, and they grapple. Jones clocks her.

Lobo uses the diversion to yank a GUN out of the hand of the nearest thug. SHOTS erupt... Lobo dodges, FIRES, and with his first two SHOTS, he bull's-eyes Jones and Josey.

She falls to the ground, prompting a howl from her girls. They OPEN FIRE.

Lobo grabs Daline, lays down a line of FIRE, and dives behind the desk.

DALINE
Would you please get us out of here?

LOBO
All right, all right.

One of Jones's guards takes a bullet, falls next to Lobo. Lobo spies a grenade hanging from the man's belt. He reaches over and plucks it off.

LOBO
Hold your ears.

DALINE
Don't...

Too late... Lobo pulls the pin on the grenade and rolls it into the middle of the room. He smothers Daline...

FRAGABOOM!! The GRENADE EXPLOSION rips through the room, scattering bodies and raining debris. A beat. Lobo stands.

CONTINUED:

LOBO
Nobody can clear a room like the Main Man, eh?

DALINE
(sarcastic)
Are you finished yet?

LOBO
One more sec.

Lobo steps over to a groaning, wounded Jones, who grimly tries to reach for a gun.

LOBO
I'm still waitin' for my money.

JONES
(barely breathing)
Yo, Lobo. You know anything about our local currency?

LOBO
Figure one credit, one beer. Works most places.

JONES
We use the Suthlamese ruble here, guy. You're holding a chit for some thirty quintillion of them.

LOBO
Guess I won't ask fer small bills.

JONES
That amount represents approximately three times the worth of the entire planet. Not including intangibles, of course.

LOBO
What are you trying to say? I can't collect?

JONES
Not only can you not collect, but only a dufus would fall for such a sucker bet.

Jones dies. Lobo shrugs, and then he looks around.

LOBO
Okay, your heiness ambassador-ness. On your feet.

CONTINUED:

Daline is not around. Then Lobo notices a broken window, leading to the outside. He pokes his head out...

LOBO'S POV - NIGHT

Lobo sees Daline jump aboard a taxi, still clutching her bag. The taxi door closes, and it speeds away.

LOBO

LOBO
Daline! Daline! Aww, frag.

Lobo bangs the wall with frustration.

EXT. VEGAS WEST STREET - NIGHT

Lobo sits on his IDLING CHOPPER, scanning the passing crowds. Nostrils flaring, he sniffs the air, first in one direction, and then the other. Satisfied, he continues slowly ahead.

EXT. VEGAS WEST SPACEPORT - NIGHT

Lobo steps out from behind the landing arm of a beat-up freighter. He pulls out a pair of electronic binoculars, aims them at a seemingly deserted hangar.

As he watches, a tall door rolls aside, and light spills out onto the tarmac. Behind the door, a spidery, fast-looking ship can be made out, and then -- bingo. There's Daline, talking to a man at a table.

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Daline argues with KNATZ MacKINNON, a burly, red-haired smuggler.

KNATZ
A hundred thousand is the price and I won't go any lower.

DALINE
That amount would buy ten ships outright.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNATZ
Yeah, but with you it's all on the come-to-me-later. If you were paying up front it'd be a different story.

DALINE
You think the Czarnian Council isn't good for the money?

LOBO (O.S.)
Got room for one more, babe?

Lobo stands inside the partially opened doorway.

KNATZ
Who the hell is this...?

DALINE
A former employee. As of an hour ago, his contract was terminated.

KNATZ
You heard her. Dust, cheapie. The lady and I are talking business.

LOBO
Just let us have a little word to ourselves and I'll be on my way. No trouble.

Knatz squints with doubt, and then makes up his mind.

KNATZ
Okay. No tricks.

Knatz walks over to a bar along a far wall, pours himself a drink. Lobo and Daline stare at each other.

LOBO
Sweet guy.

DALINE
At least he's got a real ship and he seems professional. He won't carouse and blunder into the most obvious trap in the world.

LOBO
Okay, okay. I got carried away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALINE
Your stupid, drunken carrying on with that Josey person... Why anyone would ever get involved with someone like that...

LOBO
Hey. It's your boyfriend who's after us. You conveniently forgot about that.

DALINE
He's not my boyfriend any longer.
(presses her temples)
Boyfriend? I can't believe I'm starting to use your juvenile terminology.

LOBO
Me and Dox have something in common -- you dumped us both. Maybe I oughta be on his side. We men gotta stick together...

DALINE
You're impossible. But we won't have to put up with each other any longer, will we?

She says the last as if it's not a question.

Lobo puts out his hand for her to shake. She takes it. Lobo holds her fingers for a long beat.

LOBO
No hard feelin's. I was kinda gettin' used to having you on the back of my bike...
(drops her hand)
'Course with me outta the picture, there won't be anybody to rescue you from this guy.

Daline looks worried. Lobo turns to go, but she has to ask:

DALINE
What do you mean?

LOBO
See the mark on that ship? No, don't turn your head.

ANOTHER ANGLE

An intricate piece of holographic calligraphy on the hull of the ship.

LOBO
That's the Suthlamese clan mark. Only Syndicate guys get to fly those. This creep'll sell you to the highest bidder. He's probably already working for Dox.

Daline looks up. Knatz is at the bar, twirling a pistol. He's not pointing it at them, but he looks menacing nonetheless. Daline waves at him weakly, and he waves back.

ANGLE - DOORWAY

Nelto and his troop of baddies enter the door, carrying automatic weapons over their shoulders. They stand in the b.g. Lobo reacts.

LOBO
What was that about blundering into the most obvious trap in the world?

DALINE
How could I be so stupid?

In the b.g., Knatz starts to move. Nelto and his thugs close in.

KNATZ
I'd say time's about up, swinger. You got about five seconds to clear out. One... two... five.

Lobo steps toward Knatz.

ANGLE - LOBO'S BACK

There is a big gun tucked in his waistband. Surreptitiously, his finger makes a pointing gesture at the weapon, a message to Daline: take it.

She reaches out, hefts the weapon with a certain lack of grace, but she manages to hide it inside her jacket.

LOBO
(steps forward)
I was hoping for a ride off-planet. It's kinda hot here for me right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNATZ
Can't do that, tiger. You see how tight the ship is.

LOBO
Suppose the lady changed her mind?

KNATZ
Can't do that, either. See, she's wanted by the Assembly. I'd have to turn her in.

LOBO
No chance you were planning to do that anyway?
(off Nelto)
These boys don't resemble local talent.

KNATZ
Could be. But you won't be around to find out.

LOBO
Okay, okay. I'm going.

Lobo starts to back away between Nelto's troopers. He spins suddenly, high-kicks one, punches another, grabs a GUN, and uses it to SHOOT the third thug.

Meanwhile, Knatz pulls his gun to aim at Lobo. He takes his eyes off Daline, who draws Lobo's PISTOL and lays down an unsteady LINE OF FIRE.

Her BULLETS TEAR UP the floor, coming closer to Knatz. The last one, almost accidentally, knocks the gun from his hand. Knatz yowls and grabs his bleeding hand. Daline keeps him covered.

ANGLE - DOORWAY

Nelto calmly watches the fray. He steps inside, cracks his knuckles and begins stretching his shoulders like a boxer warming up.

ANGLE - LOBO

busily hammers the last and most stubborn of the troopers, ends by throwing the man into a wall. He turns to Daline with a smile of triumph.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO
Ho-hum. Just gets a little bit tedioso when yer born ta win...

DALINE
Look out!!

Lobo turns in time to take a mighty punch from Stig Nelto. Something in Nelto's glove causes a blue spark and zaps Lobo with a CRACKLING ELECTRICITY. Nelto punches Lobo again.

NELTO
What do you think of my stun gloves, killer? A million...
(hit)
... volts...
(hit)
... in...
(hit)
... every...
(hit)
... punch.

The Main Man staggers. Nelto hits him another punch with the HISSING GLOVES... Lobo goes down on his knees.

NELTO
Here comes my Sunday special...

As Nelto winds up, Lobo gives a little whistle...

EXT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Lobo's riderless CYCLE comes out of sleep mode. It STARTS UP with a ROAR, rises from the ground, and banks out a thundering U-turn to charge through the open hangar door.

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

The laughing Assembly fighter raises his fist to give Lobo the final blow... KA-SLAM!! Lobo's CYCLE WHIZZES through, brutally ramming Nelto, who sprawls in the dust.

Lobo rises grimly, approaches to kick the prone Nelto in the head. Lobo kicks him again, and then stomps him, jumping up and down in the classic two-footed barroom boogie.

After enough stomps to pulp Nelto, Lobo reaches down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He shoves Nelto's gloved fists into what's left of his temples. Nelto's body jerks and sizzles. Finally he lies still.

Lobo turns to Daline.

LOBO
The winner, and still champeen fragger of the known universe, ladies and geekoid buttfaces, I give you -- Lobo.

Lobo approaches Knatz. He raises his gun, about to kill him...

LOBO
What's my favorite kind of art? Splatter painting.

DALINE
No...! There's no need to kill him. Just immobilize him while we get away.

LOBO
The frag you say. Ahh, the hell with it.

He winds up and punches Knatz in the face, knocking him out.

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Daline finishes tying the unconscious Knatz securely to a pillar.

LOBO
We'll use the Syndicate ship as cover to get off the planet.

Lobo pushes his cycle up the loading ramp of Knatz's ship. Daline follows him, and the ramp folds back into the ship.

EXT. PLANET VEGAS WEST - NIGHT

Knatz's ship rockets INTO VIEW...

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Dox and Delphi view a video image of the aftermath at the hangar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOX
Progress report.

DELPHI
It was not a positive outcome. Eighty percent casualty. Fifty percent fatality.

DOX
Nelto?

Delphi pushes a button, brings up an image of Nelto's unconscious body being loaded on a shuttle craft.

DELPHI
Severe trauma... Neurological damage. Breakdown of internal organs. But we're keeping him alive.

DOX
Good. Bring him in for debriefing and cybernetic retrofitting. And, Delphi? Easy on the anesthetic. I want to teach him a lesson.

Delphi looks tight-lipped.

EXT. SPACEPORT (VEGAS WEST) - NIGHT

Four sleek Syndicate fighter craft are lined up on the field. Beside them, CAPTAIN WAYNE BALDUCCI, resplendent in his dark suit and black silk shirt, addresses his troops.

BALDUCCI
Okay. These birds iced two made guys in the Jones family, including Tom Jones himself. We got orders to bring 'em in alive, but I get the feeling there won't be any tears if they have an accident on the way home. Capeesh?

Nods and mutters of ascent all around. The Syndicate fighters are all hardened mob guys. Ugly as hell. One of them plays mumblety-peg with an ice pick; another shadow boxes with a double fistful of razor knuckles.

BALDUCCI
Okay -- load up. We're goin' Lobo huntin'.

EXT. OUTER SPACE (VEGAS WEST) - NIGHT

The four Syndicate SHIPS BLAST OFF the planet, heading for deep space.

EXT. BIKER BAR (VEGAS WEST) - NIGHT

The remnants of Josey's gang stand next to their bikes. Helga, Ruby, Tawana, and others are battered, bandaged, and pissed.

Helga (looks like a Wagner heroine with conical armored breastplates and Viking helmet) speaks up.

HELGA
I feel like kickin' some butt.

RUBY
Get Lobo!

Cheers from the gang. Helga and Ruby butt their heads together and then chug the rest of their brewskies.

EXT. OUTER SPACE (PLANET VEGAS WEST) - NIGHT

A phalanx of THUNDERING ROCKET CYCLES heads into space, each bearing a female biker in a wildly-colored, body-accentuating pressure suit. Not having Lobo's invincible body, the women need to wear space helmets, as well. This only makes them look tougher.

INT. BUNDY'S TRUCK

The windshield is cracked and melted; Bundy and Jerry Jeff now show the evidence of third-degree burns on their hands and faces. Bundy turns to Jerry Jeff.

BUNDY
We been searching for hours, bro. Ain't you hungry or something?

Jerry Jeff still can't answer through his bandage. He just whines, points to the RADIO, which is BEEPING. Bundy turns it on.

VOICE (V.O.)
Hey, good buddy, we got news for you. We intercepted a military transmission. Those two characters you're looking for are on Space Lane 86, heading for sector 480.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUNDY
Yee-haw!! Let's go, truckers. Wipe him off the road.

Bundy puts the hammer down...

EXT. OUTER SPACE - BUNDY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Bundy's rig moves out, followed by a convoy of fellow truckers.

INT. KNATZ'S SHIP - COCKPIT - NIGHT

The two mismatched Czarnians share the tight space. Daline manipulates the dials on the com station...

DALINE
I'm so glad to be off that planet. And in a proper ship.

LOBO
Still no toilet, though. These smugglers never have any plumbing. Can't waste the weight of haulin' turds around.

DALINE
I won't touch that one...

LOBO
Feisty, huh? That was some good shootin' back there, babe.

DALINE
Stop calling me babe... Elwyn. I'm much too tired for banter.

LOBO
Ditto... Eight hours to Czarnia. And then it's adios.

Daline looks at him for a beat.

DALINE
What will you do after?

LOBO
What the Main Man does best. Keep fraggin' for pay.

Daline just looks at him. Then she turns to the communications console in front of her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Something's not working right.

DALINE
I can't get through to Czarnia. This is not a good sign...

LOBO
(off-hand)
Probably just a magnetic cloud. Look, you take the wheel. I'm gonna rack out for a couple parsecs.

DALINE
Nothing worries you, does it? You have no idea what this conflict's about.

LOBO
Your precious boyfriend can frag every planet in the universe and then frag himself, for all I care.

DALINE
If that happens, don't you think it's better to be with friends and family?

Lobo looks at her.

LOBO
I wouldn't know. I ain't got any.

A long beat.

LOBO
My job is to take you from point A to point B, and then it's over.

DALINE
You really don't care about Czarnia, do you? All this represents to you is a lifetime supply of cheap beer.

LOBO
That fraggin' bothers you, don't it? You can't fraggin' take it that I'm the only one who can get you home. It jes' makes you sick to <u>need</u> me, don't it, babe...

CONTINUED:

DALINE
(she's lying)
Actually, I don't think about it at all. I'm more worried about Czarnia and the Automata.

LOBO
There ain't no such thing as the Automata.

Daline spills her bag open, holds her amulet to the light...

DALINE
Yes there is. My family has it. And Dox wants it.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - KNATZ'S SHIP - NIGHT

The SHIP BLASTS away across the stars...

EXT. PLANET CZARNIA - VIEW FROM SPACE - NIGHT

A nice bluish world.

SUPERIMPOSE: simply "Czarnia."

The Knatz ship jets INTO FRAME, approaches the planet.

INT. KNATZ'S SHIP - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Lobo shakes his head awake, looks at the magnificent planet, turns his head to see Daline staring at the planet, transfixed.

DALINE
Czarnia. My heartland, my heaven. My home.

LOBO
Place gives me the creeps...

Lobo sits up in his seat, begins rapidly flicking switches on the control panel.

DALINE
What is it?

LOBO
Something's wrong. It's too quiet...

INT. VEGAS PURSUIT SHIP - NIGHT

Pilot "ICEPICK" ALBANO turns to Balducci.

ALBANO
We got 'em on the sensors.

Balducci looks up from sharpening a huge Bowie knife.

BALDUCCI
Good. Tell the boys to arm their cannons.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - JOSEY'S GANG - NIGHT

The outrageous women bikers ride along in formation. Helga raises her battle axe.

HELGA
Okay, females. We're closing in. What are we gonna do?

A chant rises behind her as the two-wheeled bitches from hell raise their various weapons.

BIKERS
Frag 'em. Frag 'em. Frag 'em.

INT. BUNDY'S BIG RIG - NIGHT

Bundy sends out a message to his fellow truckers.

BUNDY
Target distance narrowing. Three minutes to contact. Remember, truckers. Save his nose for Jerry Jeff.

INT. KNATZ'S SHIP - NIGHT

Continuing their approach, Lobo and Daline begin their orbit, making a wide arc over Czarnia's surface.

But as they fly around to the dark side, they get a big surprise: The entire assembly fleet appears around the edge of the planet.

And they're FIRING at Lobo and Daline...

LOBO
Holy frag-aroley. Must be a hundred ships. <u>Evade</u>. <u>Evade</u>.

CONTINUED:

Lobo cracks the stick, and the ship makes a hard banking turn...

LOBO
Fraggin' bastich! Snap out of it, babe. Boot up the weapons systems.

DALINE
Wait a minute...

LOBO
Take the wheel, sweet chips. The Main Man's goin' huntin'.

Lobo lifts himself into the gunner's chair above and behind the cockpit. He slams the targeting helmet onto his head and grabs the firing control stick.

DALINE
What do you want me to do?

LOBO
Just steer through the middle. The Main Man'll take care o' the rest. I was born with a high-fire-rate servo-control plasma gun in my hand.

DALINE
I can't...

LOBO
<u>Just drive</u>.

Daline pushes the control stick forward tentatively, and then feeling a rush of adrenaline, she jams it forward, and the ship rockets ahead.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - ASSEMBLY FLEET - NIGHT

The little Knatz SHIP makes a SCREAMING pass through the pursuers, FIRING in every direction. Many SHIPS are hit; several BLOW UP.

INT. KNATZ'S SHIP - NIGHT

Lobo howls with delight.

LOBO
Lost 'em!

CONTINUED:

DALINE
I can't believe I'm taking part in my second gun battle in one day...

LOBO
What the hell...?

His eyes grow wide in reaction to...

EXT. OUTER SPACE - ASSEMBLY FLEET - NIGHT

From different directions, the truckers, biker chicks, and Vegas boys appear out of nowhere...

They FIRE at the Knatz ship, but instead, they hit the pursuing Assembly fighters.

In an instant, a big Assembly cruiser OPENS FIRE, scattering the interlopers...

INT. KNATZ'S SHIP - NIGHT

LOBO
I don't know who they are, but they saved our butt. Let's get outta Dodge.

Daline jams the throttle, and they burn a long vector away from the fleet.

But...

EXT. OUTER SPACE - KNATZ'S SHIP - NIGHT

One last trucker FIRES a MISSILE; it barrels through space to EXPLODE against the hull of Daline and Lobo's ship...

INT. KNATZ'S SHIP - NIGHT

Daline and Lobo are rocked in their seats by the blast. Flames shoot through the interior of the ship.

LOBO
Keep it moving.

DALINE
I'm losing control...

The planet looms ahead... Lobo and Daline are in for a crash landing...

EXT. PLANET CZARNIA - SURFACE - DAY

The familiar but now bent and smoking shape of Knatz's SHIP SCREAMS across the sky, shattering the gorgeous sunrise. Out of control, the ship drops toward the ground.

ON GROUND

A small alien reptile -- a cross between an armadillo and a jack rabbit -- perks up as it is caught in a rapidly growing shadow.

The animal scampers out of the way just in time to avoid the hurtling ship, which smacks into the rocks, sliding and bouncing for a considerable distance before it stops.

INT. KNATZ'S SHIP - NIGHT

Lobo and Daline shaken like dice in the cupped hand of fate...

EXT. DESERT (CZARNIA) - KNATZ'S SHIP - DAY

The smoking ship rests in the sand... We MOVE IN quietly... Suddenly, a hatch leaps open under the force of Lobo's piledriver kick. He stomps out into the shimmering heat, followed a beat later by Daline. They're bruised and dirty.

It's a pretty big drop to the ground. Daline hesitates, holds out her hand for Lobo to help, but at the last minute the Main Man turns his back on her. Daline tumbles, landing with a grunt.

DALINE
It's not my fault we crashed. Why are you giving me the silent treatment?

LOBO
Nobody else was drivin'.

A sob catches in Daline's throat.

DALINE
(winding up)
We're stuck out in the middle of nowhere, we just survived a near-death experience, my planet might be under attack at this very moment, and this is the attitude I get?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALINE (CONT'D)
I might expect a little sympathy, a little warmth, but nooo.

LOBO
Warmth? Ho, that's fraggin' great. The Ice Queen o' the Universe is askin' for warmth.

DALINE
Ice Queen? Me?

LOBO
You see any other Ice Queens out here? You come off all high and mighty, but I got your number. I know who you are on the inside, babe.

DALINE
Oh, yes? Who am I?

LOBO
A real person. That frigid, I'm-such-a-fraggin-cerebral-Czarnian exterior is just an act to hide one big chunka insecurity.

DALINE
Insecurity? What about?

LOBO
About the fact that you just might be the same as everyone else... No better, no worse...

Lobo's got her with that one. But she comes back...

DALINE
What about your act, Mister Main Man.

LOBO
What act? I am the fraggin' Main Man.

DALINE
You're smarter and funnier than almost anybody. You could be a real leader. But you come off like everybody's rebel because deep down you're afraid you could never make it as a straight person. You're even more insecure than I am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bingo. He turns in anger, fists clenched. She's got his number, too. But Lobo never lets up...

LOBO
So... You admit you're insecure?
Good.

Daline yells in frustration, a la Lobo. They each cross their arms, turning their backs on each other.

All at once, the rocks above them bristle with activity. Dozens of faces appear, peering down at them. Then the troop comes out of hiding: men and women riding magnificent gravity vehicles of all kinds. Their faces are wrapped against the desert sands.

The group's leader rides up aboard a ruggedly ornate rocket cycle driven by a young Czarnian. Standing full height, he throws off his burnoose, revealing the wizened, bearded face of HERETH ZAND.

DALINE
Father...

Zand steps down, starts walking slowly toward her. Daline meets him. They face each other with Czarnian dignity. Then Daline can't contain herself. She throws herself into his arms. Zand is surprised, but he goes with it.

DALINE
What have I brought upon us?

AERIAL SHOT

A desert procession: Lobo and Daline's smashed ship rides on the back of a huge rolling truck, surrounded by the Czarnian people aboard their grand vehicles. Daline rides behind Marvick, the wind in her hair and a certain excitement in her eyes.

As the procession makes its way toward a fabulous city in the distance, Lobo brings up the rear, back on his cycle -- alone.

EXT. ZAND COMPLEX - GARDEN - DAY

Traveling between the rows of alien plants: a small robot, about as big as a bread box. An arm extends from the machine, picks up pellets from a hopper, and shoves them into the earth in tidy rows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the robot's wake, at each spot where a pellet was planted, a plant sprouts with incredible rapidity. Each of the new plants blooms quickly with colorful flowers. This is Czarnia. And Hereth Zand's estate befits a ruler of his stature...

ANGLE ACROSS GARDEN

Daline, Zand and Lobo sit at a table, watching the spectacle...

DALINE
Ahh, I'm home.

LOBO
There's a fleeta dreadnoughts orbiting your planet, and you clowns are planting flowers...

ZAND
There are certain priorities, my good man.

DALINE
Not even you can spoil this moment for me.

Just then, however, a ROARING sound grows. A SHIP grows from a speck in the sky to loom large over the group. It's a landing ship with Assembly markings.

Burning an excess of gasses, the ship lands right in the middle of Hereth Zand's formal garden, scorching his exotic and prized flower beds.

ZAND
Maybe Lobo has a point.

A RAMP THUDS into the earth, a door opens, and Vril Dox steps out of the ship, backed up by Delphi and a small contingent of blue helmeted storm troopers.

They trod many of the remaining flowers into pulp...

DOX
What a charming scene. The first family of Czarnia and their faithful lapdog, drinking tea as if they hadn't a care in the world.

CONTINUED:

ZAND
He's a little smaller in real life, isn't he?

LOBO
Fraggin' pretty boy, that's what he is.

Dox is malevolent, slow to anger, but he's no pipsqueak.

DOX
You won't mock me after tomorrow.
(looks around)
Yes, I believe this house will make a fine place from which to rule Czarnia.

DALINE
Enough...

DOX
At exactly this time tomorrow, I will start attacking your planet. I will crush you, but only one thing will stop me...
(to Daline)
Surrender personally to me. Agree to go through with the wedding, and I'll call off my ships...

LOBO
He ain't gonna stop. Even if we give up. He likes it too much.
(to Dox)
Ya evil bastich. I'm gonna give ya a fraggin' .45 calibre enema.

Dox begins to back away with his troops.

DOX
I'm reserving a special treat for you, Lobo. Just remember, Daline Zand. You have the chance to save your planet...

They board the SHIP and BLAST OFF.

Daline looks over at her father. Zand does not look healthy. As Daline looks on with horror, Zand's face goes slack, and his body begins to spasm. He's having a seizure. He starts to collapse, and Lobo grabs him...

INT. HERETH ZAND'S STUDY - DAY

Daline hovers over Zand, who reclines wanly in his chair. Lobo slouches in the background.

ZAND
I fear my hours are numbered, daughter. It's up to you to carry on. Take my place at the council during this emergency...

DALINE
I'm not ready...

ZAND
Nonsense. You know Vril Dox better than any of us. It's your time...

DALINE
I don't know what to say...

ZAND
If that is true, it will be a first. Give me your pendant.

Daline removes the amulet from around her neck. Zand takes an identical one out from under his garments. Like a key in a lock, he fits his amulet into a socket on hers. Zand's amulet glows briefly, and then the glow passes into Daline's...

ZAND
There. Not the Automata are coded with your genetic fail-safe. The future of Czarnia is solely in your hands. And the council assembles even as we speak...

DALINE
Father, I...

ZAND
Go now. I trust you will do the right thing.
(off Lobo)
Your young friend and I have certain business matters to discuss.

LOBO
'Sabout time. Soon as I collect my check, I check out. As for you, babe, I guess this is adios.

Lobo holds out his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Daline reaches out for it instinctively, but then Lobo leans in and gives her a smooch. Daline gives him a resounding slap, glares at him for a moment, and then she turns to leave haughtily...

As soon as she is gone, a remarkable change comes over Hereth Zand. He bounds up from his chair and stretches.

ZAND
I tried so hard, and she turned out to be drier than the lot of them...

Zand walks over to a cabinet, opens it, and pulls out a huge pistol, which he checks, charges with a round in the chamber and then hides in his clothes... Lobo is a little taken aback, but not as much as he should be.

LOBO
You were fakin' it, ya old fart.

ZAND
Remember where the hooch is?

Lobo reaches into another cabinet, and pulls out a bottle. Hereth Zand turns out to be an old reprobate...

LOBO
Napalm...

ZORCH! FOOM!

Two minor EXPLOSIONS engulf Hereth Zand's office as he and Lobo let off two fiery napalm belches, helped along by fat cigars.

ZAND
You shouldn't hold your exile against me. I feared long ago that Czarnia was losing its edge, and you were my secret weapon.

LOBO
You're tellin' me I oughta be grateful?

ZAND
You're a throwback to Czarnia's bloody past, a living embodiment of a genetic marker we thought we had gotten rid of.

LOBO
Go on.

CONTINUED:

ZAND
Czarnia's best scientists and doctors wanted to destroy you at birth. But I convinced them to let you live. We sent you to the finest schools, allowed your nature to go unchecked. Cultivated it, actually.

LOBO
So why the exile?

ZAND
That was part of the plan. The last brutal polish...

LOBO
I ain't sure my unhealthy association with your little girl had nothin' to do with it.

ZAND
On the contrary; it was inevitable, given her nature and yours. Everything in your life has led up to this one moment... to be Czarnia's warrior in her hour of need.

Lobo gets up, pacing, riled.

LOBO
Ho, you got that wrong, Clyde. This ain't my fight. I'm an exile, remember?

A beat. Zand's expression says he may not have imagined Lobo would feel this way.

ZAND
The prodigal son returns... this is your planet.

LOBO
You did all that to me, screwed me six ways from sundown, and you expect me to waltz back in and save your butt?

ZAND
(another beat; bitter)
Why don't we speak a language you do understand? Double your original price...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lobo stops in his tracks, smiles, takes a shot off his napalm.

LOBO
Triple.

ZAND
Done.

Once again, they let off simultaneous belch explosions...

EXT. CZARNIAN COUNCIL CHAMBERS - ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Lobo and Zand wait outside a large set of double doors. Zand paces back and forth.

ZAND
What's taking them so long? Why don't they come out? The decision is a simple one: just activate the Automata and be done with it.

LOBO
If it's that simple, why didn't you just turn 'em on yourself?

Lobo looks at Zand closely. Zand turns away from the gaze...

LOBO
You couldn't do it, could you? You couldn't throw the switch.

ZAND
(hesitantly)
The Automata are a religion to me. Through crisis after crisis, I've held off using the ultimate weapon, until it becomes unthinkable. And now, faced with the final test, I find I have lost my faith.

LOBO
You're too much of a fraggin' Czarnian, you old fart.

The DOORS BURST OPEN.

Daline strides out, buoyed by a HUBBUB of VOICES and COMMOTION. She faces her father...

CONTINUED:

ZAND
Well, do we activate?

DALINE
No, Father. You've told me before... you can use a threat a thousand times, but you can only make good on it once.

ZAND
I think experience is proving, daughter, that the proverb needs amending. You must make good on it once.

DALINE
We won't use the Automata. You've given me the key and the council, and that's my decision.

ZAND
We are doomed, then.

DALINE
I think I can persuade Commander Dox otherwise.

ZAND
How?

Daline tosses her hair provocatively...

DALINE
I have my ways.

ZAND
I forbid it.

Zand turns to the other counsellors, who are gathering around. Zand whips his cloak around, exposing his pistol, which he draws, provoking gasps.

ZAND
Come, let's see if we can rig some defenses, short of the Automata.
(to Lobo)
Whatever happens, Lobo, you stay with Daline to prevent her from doing something foolish.
(to Daline)
And, daughter... I'm glad I raised a good Czarnian.

EXT. ZAND COMPLEX - GARDEN - NIGHT

Lobo and Daline walk along a path... Daline stops, looks up at the canopy of stars. Lobo's at her side...

LOBO
Nights we used to come out here and watch the sky...

DALINE
There's our sister star. Stevenglen. The Automata are still up there. And I'm glad.

Lobo's got a bottle with him, takes a pull...

LOBO
I think you made the right move. The Main Man don't trust any weapon he can't whip out of a holster.

DALINE
Thank you for your diplomatic wisdom, Mr. Lobo.

LOBO
I'll tell you how to handle a guy like that. You get in his face and keep squeezing the trigger until one of you is on the ground.

Daline moves away, the moment broken. Lobo flips his cigar to the ground, stomps it out, and struts away.

INT. ZAND COMPLEX - BEDROOM SUITE - NIGHT

The door swings open, and Daline enters, followed by Lobo, who carries his bottle. Daline tries to close the door in his face. Lobo pushes through.

DALINE
This is my room.

LOBO
The old man said to stick to you, and that's what I'm doing.

Lobo crosses the room, turns around, and falls backward onto the bed.

DALINE
That's the only bed. Where do I sleep?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO
Hey, the Main Man don't bite...

He gestures for her to join him on the bed. She sits down tentatively... Lobo sticks out his tongue, waggles it.

LOBO
An' if he does, he's careful not to break the flesh.

Daline looks at him with disgust. She turns over to lie with her back to him.

LOBO
'S a joke. I'm gonna have a drink. You look like you could use one yourself.

Lobo gets up to pour booze into two glasses. He brings them back to the bed, hands one to Daline. She sits up to drink, swallows a big gulp, winces. It's strong.

LOBO
Better, huh?

She nods. Lobo tips some more liquor into her glass. Their eyes meet, but Lobo breaks the contact, more than a little uncomfortable.

DALINE
Thank you...

She shifts herself around on the bed, suddenly looking very inviting. Lobo averts his eyes, sits up. This is too much for him. He rolls away...

LOBO
I need to go scout around outside. Find me another star to wish on.

Lobo slams down the bottle, gets up, and bangs out the door. Daline looks after him, smiling.

OUTSIDE

Lobo stands staring at the incredible gardens, taking deep breaths and letting them out explosively. He bangs himself in the head several times with his fist. He's all pent up... He looks back at the sky again.

BACK IN ROOM - LATER

The door swings open, and Lobo enters. He does a double take when he sees Daline lounging on the bed. Her hair is mussed, her shirt is open, and half the liquor in the bottle is gone.

Lobo picks up the bottle.

LOBO
Hey, leave some for the Main Man.

He tilts the bottle up, his Adam's apple moves up and down, and he kills half of what's left.

Daline grins, crooks her finger at him. Lobo approaches.

DALINE
I wanna ask you a question. Who's this Main Man you always talk about? Where is he? I don't see anybody else here.

LOBO
(drawing up)
That's me. I'm Lobo. I'm the Main Man.

DALINE
Then why do you talk about him like he's another person? You must not like him...

LOBO
Don't mess with the Main Man. Don't mess with me.

DALINE
I don't think I like this Main Man. Where's Lobo?

LOBO
Right here.

Lobo swaggers to stand beside her, intimidating, too close. She doesn't flinch. Instead, she pulls on his belt buckle, forcing him to sit next to her on the bed. She slides her arms around his neck, and gives him a long, deep kiss.

Lobo comes out of it looking a little dizzy.

LOBO
(shaking his head)
Wow, that jug wine packs a punch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Daline pushes him down on the bed, straddles him. She rips open his shirt, leans down, bites his ear -- hard. He jerks.

LOBO
What are you doing?

DALINE
The universe is a big, cold place, but this room is so nice and warm...

Daline leans down for a lingering kiss... Lobo sits up...

LOBO
Hey. What's wrong with my head?

His eyes roll backwards, and he passes out. Daline sighs...

DALINE
Not a minute too soon...

She pulls out a small bottle from inside her clothes, holds it up... Ah-hah, she has drugged him.

But as she gazes at Lobo's splendid physique stretched out before her, her expression turns a little regretful. Her ragged breathing slowing, she traces the point of her finger along the ridges of muscles on Lobo's chest.

But she knows what she must do. She stands up, turns around, and slips out of the room.

EXT. ZAND COMPLEX - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Daline climbs aboard the Knatz SHIP, closes the ramp, and BLASTS OFF.

INT. LOBO AND DALINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lobo sleeps on, obliviously alone on the big bed. He rolls over, hugs a pillow, and plants a sweet little smooch on it.

INT. KNATZ SHIP - NIGHT

Daline powers the little ship through space. In the windshield, a group of glowing objects can be made out.

CONTINUED:

The objects resolve themselves into the silvery menace of the Assembly Fleet.

As Daline approaches, the tears can be seen shining in her eyes and then rolling down her cheeks.

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - NIGHT

A pair of defense tech TROOPERS monitor their equipment.

TROOPER #1
Ship approaching...

TROOPER #2
Activate destruct sequence?

TROOPER #1
Negative. It's broadcasting a surrender signal...

EXT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - NIGHT

The tiny Knatz ship from Vegas is swallowed up by the huge docking bay of the flagship... The difference in size is immense.

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Dox waits alone on the bridge, brooding. The door opens, and two mean-looking troopers push Daline into the room, holding her firmly by her upper arms.

DOX
That will be all, men. Stand by.

The troopers leave. Dox stands up, approaches Daline slowly, more like stalking her, beaming fierce eye contact the entire time. He moves in, grabs her chin, and plants a brutal kiss on her lips. He pulls back.

DALINE
I will marry you, and in return, you will agree to stop your attack on Czarnia. Leave it out of your New Order...

DOX
An interesting proposition. In return for the wealthiest planet in the galaxy... you. You value yourself pretty highly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALINE
I give you all that I have.

DOX
That's not true. You withhold the thing I want the most -- your heart.

DALINE
(quietly)
I will be your wife in every sense of the word. I will bear your children, keep the greatest of houses, and give counsel. But it is too much to ask me to give love.

DOX
And what of the Automata?

A big beat.

DALINE
The Automata are not part of the equation.

DOX
You reject me even as you accept my offer.

DALINE
Please...

DOX
My gambit has worked. I have you now, Daline Zand. Whether I have you in my bed or in a prison cell, I still have you. And that's what matters.

He pushes a button. The door slides open, and the troopers reenter.

DOX
Get her out of here. Take her to the dungeon level and keep her away from other prisoners.

The troopers step forward to grab Daline and pull her away. As they drag her to the door, Dox adds a chilly parting shot.

DOX
And don't worry about Czarnia. It will be no more.

INT. LOBO AND DALINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lobo's dreaming in the bed, with a big smile on his face. He rolls over, finds himself hugging air, and then he slowly wakes up.

LOBO
Babe, you were great. Best nighta my life... Babe?

Surprised to find himself alone, he opens his eyes and looks around, trying to remember. Sitting up, he holds his head, moaning, and then spots the empty bottle of booze.

Then he sees the empty tranquilizer bottle next to it. "RHINO STOPPERS." A 200 dose bottle... Lobo crushes the bottle in his hand... He groans...

He has the mother of all hangovers, and he's pissed at allowing himself to be taken advantage of by this woman he foolishly allowed himself to fall for -- twice.

He does the only thing possible under the circumstances: he cuts loose with his now-familiar roar of frustration.

CLOSE SHOT - WIDE BLACK TAPE

ripped off a roll.

Lobo bites the tape to tear it off, uses it to finish strapping a small pistol to the outside of his boot, muttering to himself the whole time.

LOBO
Try and ditch the Main Man... we'll fraggin' see about that.

Lobo's nose is twitching, eager for the day's battle.

He stands up, flexes his muscles -- he's got guns, knives, grenades, and ammo clips taped to his forearms, thighs, shoulders, and every other place on his body. He gives himself a final smile in the mirror...

The he sees, hanging on the bedpost, Daline's neck chain, with the key still attached. He picks it up, fastens the amulet around his neck, and then takes two strides, kicks open the motel room door. Can't be bothered to use the knob today...

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Lobo emerges from the room... to face a squadron-strength contingent of blue-helmeted troopers, arrayed in ambush formation around the motel.

LOBO
What a bummer end to a bad morning...

The troopers OPEN FIRE without ceremony. Lobo is blown off his feet by the force of the BULLETS. He falls onto his back with a mighty thud.

Eerie silence rules as the sound of GUNFIRE DIES AWAY... A squad of troopers approaches Lobo, who is still and bleeding on the pavement. Two troopers bend over the Main Man.

LOBO
Wrong move, Clyde.

Quick as a wink, Lobo shoots both his arms straight in the air. Each hand holds a grenade, which he (CRUNCH! CRUNCH!) jams into the mouths of the troopers.

The two troopers stare at each other, looking pretty stupid with hand GRENADES in their mouths. Then their HEADS BLOW UP.

The Main Man is already moving. He draws two big PISTOLS and BLASTS away at the blue helmets, diving, rolling, SHOOTING.

The crew of the MACHINE GUN vehicle tries to track him, but Lobo outruns the TRACERS and makes a flying leap, both GUNS BLAZING, to blow them away.

Lobo's next leap-and-roll brings him atop the vehicle. He pushes the dead operator out of the seat, takes up the MACHINE GUN's handles, and pivots around to start using it in the way he knows best: LOUD and nasty.

LOBO
Oh, that feels so-o-o good.

With the machine gun as an equalizer, the blue helmets start dying like flies. Lobo's all over the place: forward, backward, up, down.

Three troopers, seeing how the battle is going, try to sneak up behind Lobo. Without a break in firing the MG or even looking behind him, he draws a big PISTOL and FIRES blind. BLAM, BLAM, BLAM. The three sappers go down...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another one thinks he's got the drop on Lobo, starts to squeeze the tripper. Lobo points at his feet, where a GRENADE is already HISSING. It BLOWS UP.

Then: silence.

ANGLE - LAST TROOPER

The last one alive, he hides behind a parked vehicle. He raises his head, sees...

MACHINE GUN VEHICLE

Empty. Nose down, like a drooping dick, the MG pendulums back and forth slowly, making a TINY SQUEAK.

TROOPER

Rises to leave, turns around and runs into...

LOBO

Hook raised, he's already swinging it. The trooper screams.

DISSOLVE TO:

LOBO - MEDIUM SHOT

Covered in gore up to his eyebrows, hook dangling, Lobo stands amid the carnage. He raises the dripping hook, slithers his tongue around it... Swallows. Belches.

LOBO
All's well that ends fragged.

A beat, during which a strange whizzing TURBINE ROAR begins building. Lobo, sated with the post-coital after-glow of a good battle, looks on dully as a strange MACHINE materializes out of the dust.

It's not a machine. It's Stig Nelto -- sort of. Nelto's head and thorax, all that was left of him after his fight with Lobo, have been fitted into a war suit that is a cross between robot body armor and a rocket cycle like Lobo's. Nelto hovers a few feet off the ground, a high-tech centaur.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nelto's mechanical arms are six feet long, and he's got a large-caliber cannon mounted in an appropriately phallic place in the middle of his trunk. A thick cable travels from the base of Nelto's skull into the guts of his cybernetic retrofit.

NELTO
What do you think, Main Man? It ain't pretty, but it slices and dices. Wait'll you see my Sunday Special...

Nelto whizzes by Lobo, swinging the wrecking ball end of one of the arms. Lobo takes a resounding hit on the back of his neck and sinks to his knees. Nelto hits him again.

LOBO
Maybe this is my fight after all...

Lobo struggles to his feet, wavers, draws a pistol. CLANG!! The pistol flies out of Lobo's hand and sticks to the end of Nelto's mechanical arm.

Lobo tries to hold onto his hook, but it flies out of his hand to CLANK onto the magnetic receptor in Nelto's "hand."

NELTO
Electromagnetism. How about that?

Laughing, Nelto banks away, hoping to drag Lobo over the ground.

CLOSE ON LOBO'S CHAIN

Unreeling from his forearm...

NELTO

Zipping along the ground, pulling the chain behind him.

NELTO
It's like magic...

Suddenly, he's brought up short like a dog at the end of his leash. Nelto slams into the ground, shattering some of his components.

LOBO

Standing next to a large vehicle, to which he has tied the end of his chain.

LOBO
Granny knot. How 'bout that?

Lobo unloops his chain and calmly walks up to the broken Nelto machine. He reaches behind Nelto's head.

NELTO
Look, out, I'll show you my Sunday Special.

Lobo yanks out the wires at the back of Nelto's head...

NELTO
My Sunday Special...

Nelto's arm begins swinging compulsively, bashing himself in the face...

NELTO
My Sunday Special... My Sunday Special...

And so forth. Soon, what's left of Nelto's head is a bloody pulp, but the machine keeps punching and repeating the words inanely.

Lobo looks up to see Zand watching the spectacle. Zand shakes his head.

ZAND
She's gone. What are you waiting for?

Lobo turns away. He whistles for his chopper, which comes hurtling to a stop beside him. Lobo mounts up.

LOBO
Hiyo, bastich, away.

He BLASTS OFF, leaving the Nelto machine to work out its problems on its own.

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - DUNGEON - NIGHT

Daline cools her heels in a drab, claustrophobic cell. She hears a SCRABBLING sound, looks in its direction. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hears the sound again, looks up, and then a large, brightly colored alien spider, big as a dinner plate and utterly horrifying, jumps on her shoulder.

She brushes it off, but the spider leaps at her again, about to sink its teeth into her neck.

Daline dodges it, and then she lifts her foot high in the air and stomps the thing...

DALINE
Bastich...

She's getting tougher.

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - DUNGEON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Holding a covered dish, Delphi walks down the row of cells. He pauses outside a door, bends down, and slides the dish through a slot.

INT. DALINE'S CELL - NIGHT

Daline reacts when Delphi's dish slides through the door. She gingerly lifts the towel covering it, revealing a steaming bowl of stew.

DELPHI (O.S.)
It's not drugged. Eat it.

Daline digs in with the spoon provided. It's good.

DALINE
Vegetables... Who are you?

No answer.

EXT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP (OUTER SPACE) - NIGHT

A ship approaches the flagship, the docking doors open, and the smaller ship enters.

Another ship lines up for an approach to the flagship: a large freighter. Big enough, but still it's dwarfed by the flagship.

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Two grunt TROOPERS man a security station.

CONTINUED:

TROOPER #1
Man, I don't dig this extra alert.

TROOPER #2
This place is locked up tighter than a drum. Nobody could get in or out...

EXT. FLAGSHIP - NIGHT

As the big freighter approaches on its docking run, we CLOSE IN ON its outer surface. There's Lobo, leaning back on the chopper, feet on the handlebars, meditatively chewing a dead cigar. The ship passes through the lock... Lobo's made it inside.

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lobo jams down the corridor aboard his hog, leaving a bunch of surprised crew members in his wake.

Up ahead, a blue helmet kneels in firing position, squeezing off SHOT after SHOT at Lobo. The Main Man gooses the gas and hits the trooper square in the chest with the skull-shaped front ornament of the chopper, driving straight through...

INT. DALINE'S CELL

Daline sits cross-legged on her bunk, regaining her calm in a meditation pose. She's interrupted when a video screen comes alive in the wall opposite her. Dox's image appears.

DOX
Settling in, I see. Well, get used to it. This will be your home indefinitely.

Clearly, he hoped to find her a quivering dishrag reduced to tears. This is not the case.

DALINE
I see you still enjoy invading a woman's quarters uninvited.

DOX
Soon I'll arrange a special broadcast for you... The final destruction of Czarnia.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOX (CONT'D)
You can watch it with the knowledge that you could do nothing to stop it.

DALINE
You... You're worse than I ever believed.

Under their conversation, a dull RUMBLING resolves itself into the signature THROBBING ROAR of Lobo's CHOPPER. It gets louder until it rips up the soundtrack.

Daline smiles a small grin of recognition, as CRASH! CRASH! The walls shake with an impact. On the third blow, the cell door collapses inward, allowing the battering ram skull-front of Lobo's cycle to enter the room.

Daline backs against the wall. She gives Lobo a sheepish grin.

On the video monitor, Dox looks a little surprised, but then he recovers his steel.

DOX
Lobo. So you're responsible for the disturbance.

LOBO
I'm responsible for sending you to hell, geekwad.

DOX
Coming here was the stupidest thing you've ever done.

LOBO
Listen, Clyde. I got one thing to say to you...

Lobo winds up and punches the video monitor. It splinters, Dox's face goes into a strangely distorted pattern, and then it sparks, HISSES, and dies.

DALINE
He's right. You shouldn't have come.

LOBO
The Main Man takes a job, he makes sure it gets done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALINE
There's that Main Man again.

LOBO
You better be glad he's around.
Let's get out of here.

Daline gets on the cycle behind Lobo. He backs it out the door...

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Chased from behind by slower troops, Lobo jams down a corridor, makes a turn... Daline hangs on for all she's worth...

This corridor dead-ends at an observation platform. The entire wall is a window looking out on space. Lobo tries to back the cycle around. It dies! Trapped!

Troops... Approaching from two sides. FIRING... BULLETS PINGING off the walls. Lobo looks up, sees the mass of blue helmets. Looks impossible.

Lobo reaches onto his stomach, where he has strapped a limpet mine. He pushes a switch to activate the mine, rolls to the wall of the ship, and slaps it in place. He yells back to Daline.

LOBO
Let's go...

Grabbing her, he dodges behind a nearby beam...

The MINE BLOWS a hole in the ship.

A windstorm ensues, sweeping men and furniture out into space. Lobo wraps his chain and hook around the beam to keep himself in place. He holds onto Daline with one massive arm.

An emergency seal clangs down. The pressure equalizes, and the windstorm ceases. Troopers lay suffocated all up and down the corridor. But some of them are getting up, miraculously. These are the ones wearing pressure suits.

Lobo lobs a grenade to keep them at bay. He's trying to start the cycle, but it's not cooperating.

LOBO
Per usual...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALINE
This is my fault for running away.

LOBO
You did what you had to. I know one thing. The Main Man was getting to you before you split.

Lobo leans out to fire.

DALINE
How could you tell that?

LOBO
I couldn't. But you just told me I was.

DALINE
You're impossible. But I like you.

She leans in for a kiss. Lobo pushes her away, hard.

LOBO
You're nothin' but trouble, babe.
(a beat; cycle fires up)
Get outta here while I hold 'em off.

DALINE
Wait. We're in this together.

LOBO
We ain't in nothin' together. This is man's work. The Main Man. Chick like you just gets in the way.

He lifts her into the seat of the Harley. She struggles, but to no avail. Daline's eyes spit fire at him.

DALINE
Put me down...

LOBO
You're gonna get outta here. And take this...

Reaching up to remove her chain from his heck, he tosses her the heavy locket with the key attached. She catches it and puts it around her neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALINE
(small beat)
Thanks...

Daline knows that he's just doing it to save her... She twists the gas and rockets through the hole aboard the bike.

LOBO
Fer nuthin'...

Lobo turns to face the onslaught of blue helmets. There are too many to count, way too many. And they look real menacing... Pissed, too.

Lobo draws his weapons, starts FIRING and charges into them. Lobo is hit, hit, and hit again. He's almost to the first line of kneeling, FIRING blue helmets before he slows down. He staggers. He stops. He falls flat on his face.

Nobody approaches him for a long, long beat. Then a brave trooper steps forward, carbine at hip fire position. The trooper pauses...

Then Lobo moves. He opens his eyes, raises his weapon, pulls the trigger. CLICK! Outta ammo...

LOBO
(a mere croak)
You creeps are history, man.

His face crashes to the floor. This time, the Main Man is down for the count.

EXT. PLANET CZARNIA - PLANET SURFACE - DAY

Aboard the HARLEY, Daline ROARS down to the capital city.

But something's wrong. It's too quiet. As she approaches, there is no other traffic. And when she gets closer, she sees devastation. Buildings destroyed, bomb craters...

Daline flies down to street level, a growing look of consternation on her face. When she gets down to the street, she sees the bodies...

DALINE
No...

EXT. ZAND COMPLEX (CZARNIA) - DAY

On foot, Daline approaches the ornate front door of a great house... She pushes her way inside...

INT. STUDY OF HERETH ZAND - DAY

The old man's body sits at his desk, head back and mouth open.

The door swings inward and Daline enters. She stares speechless at her father's remains. Then the tears begin to fall. She reaches out, brushes a strand of hair from his face...

She spies a video machine on the desk... Daline reaches out, presses a button. It begins to play.

VIDEO

Hereth Zand looks at the camera calmly, his candlelit study in the background.

ZAND (V.O.)
For the record, Vril Dox is using biological weapons aimed at the Czarnian physique. Half the planet is dead already, and I have little time myself. This message is for my daughter Daline, and for the stalwart fighter Lobo.

Daline looks wide-eyed at the mention of Lobo's name.

ZAND (V.O.)
You will be the last two remaining members of our race. We of Czarnia bequeath to you this planet, all its wealth, its stored data, and most of all, the tradition of the Czarnian people...

Struggling for breath, Hereth Zand begins to cough, then choke.

ZAND (V.O.)
(gasping)
Death does not come lightly. It is up to you, daughter, to create our future...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He grabs his throat, and with his last ounce of effort, he reaches out to shut down the recording, so that Daline will be spared the pain of watching his death.

Daline turns, fire in her eyes. She grips the key hanging at her neck and rips it from the chain.

DALINE
No, Father. Death does not come lightly. Why didn't I fight?

She turns to insert the key into an ornate fixture on the wall. A panel slides away, revealing an ornate, ancient-looking control center. The design looks like the bridge of a steamship. Daline grabs a control stick and pulls...

EXT. DEEP SPACE - NIGHT

Floating in their long-forgotten orbit, the gigantic ships of the Czarnian Robot Fleet -- the dreaded Automata -- hang suspended, enveloped in the stillness. There are hundreds of them, and they are huge.

One by one, the lights of the ships wink on, and the ships begin to move out.

INT. HERETH ZAND'S STUDY - NIGHT

Daline adjusts a few of the arcane knobs on the ancient control panel, and then she twists her key out of the slot.

She strides out of the office without looking back...

EXT. PLANET CZARNIA - VIEW FROM SPACE - NIGHT

Daline BLASTS INTO VIEW aboard Lobo's chopper. She flashes past at high speed, and is gone...

EXT. LEAD CZARNIAN SHIP - OUTER SPACE

The unbelievable Czarnian FLEET RUMBLES through space... A pinprick of light approaches the lead ship. It's Daline on the chopper. And the scale of the Czarnian ships is revealed for the first time...

The lead ship must be twenty miles long. And it's not the biggest. And there are hundreds of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALINE
More spectacular than any description... The Automata.

Daline approaches, and an iris port opens in the hull of the lead ship. Daline feathers the throttle, and the bike is swallowed up. The iris port zips shut.

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - MEDICAL LAB - NIGHT

An unconscious Lobo is suspended in midair by thick steel restraints around every limb. Tubes of wildly colored liquids travel in and out of his ropy veins.

Dox and Delphi stand below, checking instrument readouts with some technicians.

DELPHI
His regenerative powers are amazing. There's almost no sign of the wounds he received.

DOX
What a fighting machine. We ought to be able to use him somehow. Is he a candidate for retrofitting?

DELPHI
Interplanetary ethics codes prohibit retrofitting on healthy subjects.

DOX
I thought we got rid of that rule. Remind me to do that later.

A COM STATION sounds an ALARM. Delphi turns, pushes a few buttons, looks electrified.

DELPHI
(awe)
A fleet approaching, sir. Hundreds of ships. The navigator says he's never seen anything like it.

DOX
Well. She finally did it. This is the moment I've been waiting for.

DELPHI
To the bridge, sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOX
No. To the next medical bay. We'll see if our experiment has paid off.

INT. LEAD CZARNIAN SHIP - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Alone in the vast control deck of the ancient Czarnian ship, Daline approaches the Assembly Fleet. She paces back and forth as the automated displays reel off battle info.

The view screen of the bridge shows the Assembly Fleet in the distance, growing rapidly.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - ASSEMBLY AND CZARNIAN FLEETS - NIGHT

The two giant armadas collide. The Czarnian fleet is much larger, and its ships are huge. But the more maneuverable Assembly ships rack up some points. The big Czarnian SHIPS really EXPLODE.

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - MEDICAL BAY - NIGHT

Dox and Delphi stand at a sophisticated computer bank. Dox pushes several buttons, while Delphi monitors the ongoing battle.

DELPHI
The Czarnians are making inroads, but we've slowed their advance. We must do something to stop them...

In the b.g., technicians are preparing a staging area, lit by floodlights and wired with thick cables.

DOX
Let her think she has the upper hand. If this works, and it will, we won't lose any more brave troops.
(to the techs)
Bring out the subject!

The technicians wheel out a strange contraption. It is a large wheelchair, to which have been fitted many boxes of electronics, servo arms, and other cruel mechanisms. And locked in the chair, with his head frozen in place, is Daline's assistant, Lent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His eyes are held open by mechanical clamps, and a heavy cable feeds from the base of his skull into the electronics.

As the technicians place the chair on the stage and plug in its connections to the room's computers, Dox addresses Lent.

DOX
Are you in there, Lent? I know you can hear me. Do you remember, Lent, when I gave you the choice? Join me or die? It appears we have a third option now. Join me or die or...

To finish his remarks, Dox flips a switch on the computer panel before him. Instantly, Lent -- or what is left of him -- is hit with a jolt of energy that causes all his muscles to contract.

Delphi looks on, and then he turns away with disgust as Dox manipulates the controls.

DOX
I can read your mind like an encyclopedia. My, my. Photographic recall. I might have guessed. You loved her, of course. But that's all over now. Ahh, here. Command and control codes, Czarnian fleet. Somebody had to know this.

Lent can't move an inch, but he can cry, and tears pour freely from his eyes. Dox pushes some more buttons...

DOX
All I have to do is enter a command from my menu here, and the mighty Czarnian Automata will self-destruct. But why should I do that? Now that I control the greatest destructive force in the universe, why should I throw it away?

Dox reaches for another control...

EXT. OUTER SPACE - CZARNIAN FLEET - NIGHT

The giant ships battle the Assembly Fleet... But then, one by one, their engines wink out, and they go dead...

INT. LEAD CZARNIAN SHIP - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Daline looks with concern at the halting of her fleet. She leaps to a control panel, but none of the arcane knobs and levers respond.

Then the view screen flashes, and the image of Vril Dox leaps out at her.

DALINE
I might have known...

DOX (V.O.)
Who else...? The gene-encoded fail-safe was the hardest part. You were the only person who could wake up the fleet. I should say thank you.

DALINE
How did you manage...?

Dox moves aside, letting Daline have a view of poor Lent in the b.g.

DALINE
No...!

She looks around for something, rips a chair from its mount, and throws it at the screen. Dox laughs.

DOX (V.O.)
Now, if you're willing to discuss our engagement, I'll provide an escort back to my ship...

Daline raises her fist, bashes the screen again and again. It won't break. Dox keeps laughing, and Daline pulls out a PISTOL and BLASTS AWAY. The SCREEN EXPLODES in a shower of sparks.

Daline slumps, her energy drained. But after a moment, she rises with new resolve, marches to a doorway, and exits the bridge.

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

DOX
Find her! She can't have made it very far.

DELPHI
We've searched the ship she was aboard with millimeter-band, and found nothing. Nothing alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOX
She's cunning. But I have another idea.

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - MEDICAL LAB - NIGHT

Lobo hangs unconscious in the high-tech operating theater. Dox and Delphi stand below him...

Dox walks around to examine Lobo more closely.

DOX
Shall we bring him on-line?

Delphi nods at a technician, who pushes forward a slide switch.

A new batch of chemicals gurgles down a tube stuck into Lobo's neck. The Main Man's eyes flicker and then blink open. He tries to move, finds he can't. Then he tries to rip free of the restraints. Nothing doing.

DOX
Feeling better?

LOBO
Nothin' your head on a spit wouldn't fix.

Dox leans back and laughs.

DOX
You are remarkable. It's a pity we don't like each other.

LOBO
Nothin' personal, Clyde. I just get competitive when I get around a big-time fragger like you.

DOX
Why should we compete? Why not work together? I'm sure I could meet any price.

LOBO
Could be an opportunity for some major fraggin'...

Dox draws himself up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOX
More than that. I have seen the future, and it's mine.

A stare...

LOBO
Just what could I do for you that all your armies can't?

DOX
For a start, you could bring back the woman.

LOBO
Sorry, Doxy. That's the one thing I couldn't do. I already spoke. And once the Main Man gives his word, he don't take it back.

DOX
I'm offering you a new life and you turn me down for principles? We could kill you right here...

LOBO
Could you?

He struggles against the restraints. They flex a bit, but they continue to hold.

Then a distant EXPLOSION rocks the ship. Dox pushes a button, and the robot backs away from Lobo.

DOX
What's that, Delphi? Investigate.

Dox points to a com device.

DELPHI
One moment... let me check these restraints...

Under the guise of checking Lobo's arms and legs, Delphi actually loosens the locking pins of the restraints. He shoots Lobo a "don't say anything" look.

The ship is rocked by another EXPLOSION.

DOX
Delphi, now!

Delphi turns to Dox. Then, a familiar sound is heard: the ROARING of Lobo's HARLEY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With no warning, the DOOR of the lab SHATTERS inward from the force of GUNFIRE, and Daline rides in on Lobo's chopper, holding a smoking WEAPON.

DALINE
I thought the Main Man might need a hand. Guess I was right.

Daline is different: tougher, with a bite in her voice. And she's outfitted in sexy battle armor. Even Lobo is taken aback...

Daline is a Czarnian, after all, and she does have many of Lobo's powers -- if she chooses to use them. She points her weapon at Dox.

Daline turns momentarily from Dox, who dives, drawing his SIDEARM. He BLAZES AWAY at Daline, who returns his FIRE.

Grabbing a GUN from a lab tech, Lobo joins in. When the SHOOTING STOPS, Lobo and Daline spot Dox running down a corridor. Lobo FIRES after him, misses.

Then Delphi steps out from behind a large piece of machinery. Daline turns, almost reflex-fires at him. Lobo stops her.

DELPHI
Wait... you know me.

DALINE
The soup.

Delphi nods.

LOBO
The little fragger's our friend. He could be useful. Unless you stopped at a gun shop on the way here, we're gonna need some more artillery.

DALINE
Why? Let's just get out of here.

LOBO
We could keep on running for-fraggin'-ever. But that ain't my style. I say we bring the fight to Dox and finish him for good.

DALINE
(deciding)
Let's go. Before the reinforcements show up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELPHI
I can take you to the armory. I have the entrance code...

CORRIDOR

Aboard the bike, Lobo and Daline follow Delphi, who rides a little corridor scooter...

A trooper gets a bead on Lobo, FIRING from behind a corner. But Daline pops out and BLOWS the trooper AWAY... They take off again.

Up ahead -- a doorway. Delphi points to the heavily-fortified armory door.

DELPHI
That's it.

They jam for the massive door, Daline and Lobo providing cover while Delphi enters his security code.

Down the corridor -- blue helmets, more of them than ever, running, SHOOTING, approaching fast.

The DOOR WHIZZES open. Lobo and Delphi jump their cycles into the room, dodging BULLETS. The door closes behind them, just in time to stop a large EXPLOSIVE ROUND.

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - ARMORY - NIGHT

Lobo looks around and his eyes light up: guns, lots of guns. As far as the eye can see: big guns, little guns, bombs, grenades, boxes of ammo...

LOBO
Holy fraggaroley. Christmas comes early this year.

Delphi looks at him.

DELPHI
What's Christmas?

Lobo and Daline exchange glances.

DALINE
Czarnian holiday.

A LOUD POUNDING assaults the door. It's holding, for now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lobo crosses to a rack of guns, picks up a rifle, and tosses it to Daline. She catches it, turns it around to look down the barrel. Lobo reacts...

LOBO
Careful...

DALINE
Just fooling.

She expertly locks and loads the weapon.

Lobo wades through the racks, picking up item after item to replenish his private stock. He tosses a few guns to Daline.

Lobo stops to gawk at a huge bomb, bigger than he is. He starts to pick it up.

DALINE
What will you do with that?

Lobo thinks about it, regretfully leaves the thing behind...

INT. CORRIDOR

Wearing special body armor, Dox directs the installation of a big rolling energy beam weapon. It's aimed at the door.

DOX
Ready...? Fire...!

INT. ARMORY

KA-BOOM! The huge EXPLOSION rocks the door to the armory...

DELPHI
Better get ready. It won't stand another hit like that.

Lobo and Daline position themselves behind heavy crates. They exchange a look.

CHA-BANG! The DOOR BLOWS OPEN, and troops stream in...

Lobo and Daline open up. They FIRE freely, emptying their GUNS. When they run out of ammo, they just reach for another weapon, any weapon, and keep FIRING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIREFIGHT in a gun warehouse? Only "Lobo" brings it to you.

Daline and Lobo MOW DOWN the blue helmets. Need another gun? Just pick one up. The floor is covered with them.

Lobo is in a spot of trouble... He empties his GUNS into a couple of attacking troopers. Another trooper FIRES, BLOWING Lobo off his feet.

DALINE
Lobo...!

She tosses him an AUTOMATIC. Lobo catches it in the air, finger already on the trigger. He BLOWS AWAY the attacking trooper, rolls, and then FIRES at a group of three more...

Daline whirls to fire at a trooper, but she slips on the bloody floor, and her feet go out from under her.

Lobo sees Daline pinned down. He whirls his hook over his head, catches a beam, and swings through the air to bowl over the troopers surrounding her.

Daline recovers, but a trooper climbs above her to leap down at her. Lobo SHOOTS him out of the air.

And that's it. Lobo and Daline wade through piles of bodies, blood on the wall, the floor, piles of spent shells -- never see those in other flicks, but you will in ours -- and gunsmoke haze.

Delphi scurries out from behind some metal drums.

DALINE
We did it. We won...

LOBO
Not quite. Where's Dox...?

And from the doorway...

DOX
Right here...

Dox enters, wearing special robot battle armor. He raises one arm of his special suit; it contains a bank of miniature MISSILES. He lets off a missile ROUND, catching Delphi in the chest and BLOWING him many yards backwards.

Lobo manages to get out of the way before the next ROUND HITS... He makes a flying leap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dox presses a button, and the weapon on his arm instantly changes to a GATLING GUN, which he EMPTIES at Lobo in midair... Lobo lands on Dox, knocks him over, and they roll. Dox's armor acts as an equalizer, and he flips Lobo away.

The suit magnifies Dox's strength, and Lobo bangs into a wall, stunned. Dox FIRES the last of his MISSILES, but Lobo leaps out of the way.

CLICK. Dox's GUN fires on an empty chamber. Then Lobo throws his gun away.

LOBO
Outta ammo? Let's go mano a mano.

He holds up his hook, spits on it. Dox raises his other robot arm. An extra long sword slides out from the end of it. Lobo closes with Dox...

Dox throws in a kick. Lobo blocks it, punches Dox in the face. Dox reels back. He lowers the face shield of his helmet... Lobo kicks him between the legs. Clank! Lobo recoils, hops on one foot.

LOBO
That's some mighty fine armor you got...

Lobo lets out a few feet of chain, whirls his hook over his head, and lets fly, pulling the shield off Dox's face, and leaving behind a nasty wound.

Then Dox fakes a swing with the sword, only to punch Lobo with his other hand. Lobo goes flying again. He falls in a heap, breathing hard. Dox approaches. Lobo picks up a gun...

DOX
What happened to mano a mano?

LOBO
I'm too tired, butt-face.

Lobo starts FIRING. But he's not hitting Dox... He FIRES again and again...

DOX
That's pretty lousy shooting for the great Lobo...

LOBO
Oh, yeah?

CONTINUED:

Lobo aims one final SHOT, and pulls the TRIGGER... Now we see what he was aiming at. Part of the ship's structure, weakened by all Lobo's other rounds, is left hanging by a thread. Lobo's last shot causes it to cascade, burying Dox.

Dox is trapped... Lobo turns around, and now he picks up the huge bomb which he examined earlier in the scene. He hefts the sucker over his head. Dox looks frightened. He turns, picks up another WEAPON, and begins BLASTING AWAY at Lobo.

Lobo takes ROUND after ROUND as he approaches Dox, the massive bomb held high over his head.

LOBO
I have seen the future, and it bites.

He smashes the FAT BOY on Dox's face. Lobo and Dox are consumed in a massive EXPLOSION that tears apart the room. They both disappear...

Daline picks herself up from the ground. She looks around, concerned. Where's Lobo...? Then, out of the swirling smoke, a ragged figure emerges, torn, limping. It's Lobo.

LOBO
By the way. That is a fraggin' great outfit, babe.

DALINE
Don't call me that.

LOBO
Sure... Babe...

And then they come together in a bloody, body-slamming victory hug...

EXT. OUTER SPACE - NEAR ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP

Some points of light -- ships approaching.

INT. BUNDY'S RIG - NIGHT

Bundy turns to Jerry Jeff.

BUNDY
Yee-haw! We got 'em now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jerry Jeff points excitedly to something, making high-pitched SQUEALING noises...

BUNDY
What's that? More ships? Shee-it...

INT. VEGAS SHIP - NIGHT

The PILOT turns to Balducci.

PILOT
Unidentified ships. We're on a collision course...

BALDUCCI
Let them get outta the way. This is the Syndicate...

EXT. OUTER SPACE - JOSEY'S GANG - NIGHT

The girls react to the sudden appearance of the truckers and the Vegas ships...

HELGA
Look out...

She turns her bike, crashes into one of the other girls, and this starts a chain reaction collision.

FIREY EXPLOSIONS as the biker girls, trucks, and Syndicate SHIPS unavoidably collide...

INT. ARMORY - LOBO AND DALINE

Together in an embrace of Titans, they remain unaware of the carnage outside... An orgy of flesh below, a ballet of death above.

INT. ASSEMBLY FLAGSHIP - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Daline sits in Dox's old chair, facing a large communications monitor, which displays a large conference table filled with planetary representatives of many alien and humanoid species.

Lobo watches her casually, slouching against some undoubtedly expensive nav equipment. He pops a brew -- stress relief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALINE
That's the last of the New Order, ladies and gentlemen. Without a leader, Dox's forces are falling apart everywhere. Now we begin the process of rebuilding.

As the representatives applaud, Daline pushes a button to end the communication. She turns to Lobo.

LOBO
It's all over but the post-game show.

DALINE
I guess it just goes to show that under extreme circumstances, violence can be necessary...

LOBO
And fun...

She belts him...

DALINE
I need to go back to Czarnia. And you're taking me.

LOBO
Why? There's nothing left.

DALINE
It's still my home...

Lobo looks at her...

EXT. OUTER SPACE - NIGHT

Lobo and Daline blast along on the hog.

LOBO
I thought you hated the bike.

DALINE
I don't know... I'm getting used to it. It's so... liberating.

Lobo grunts.

LOBO
It ain't liberating. It's cool.

A beat...

CONTINUED:

DALINE
What are you going to do with your new-found popularity?

LOBO
(suspicious)
What are you talking about?

DALINE
Everyone knows you saved the universe.

LOBO
Frag it! There goes my reputation...

DALINE
Face it, Lobo. You're a hero...

As they talk, the cycle gets smaller and smaller, until it's just a point of light. Lobo's trademark yell of frustration carries pretty far...

EXT. ZAND COMPLEX (CZARNIA) - DAY

Lobo throws the last shovelful of earth on the fresh grave of Hereth Zand. Daline watches, as the rays of the Czarnian star lengthen into dusk.

Lobo chunks the shovel into the ground, looks somber.

LOBO
The times I thought about strangling the old fart. Never thought it would end like this.

DALINE
I know he would appreciate it. There's just one more thing.

Daline holds out her hand to Lobo.

INT. BED CHAMBER - DAY

The door swings inward, and Daline enters, followed by Lobo. She reaches out, brushes a strand of hair from his face...

Lobo steps forward, puts his arm around her. She lets him in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOBO
You lost your family. And I lost the biggest paycheck I ever had.

DALINE
You didn't lose. You just inherited half a planet.

LOBO
That's a lotta fraggin' responsibility...

DALINE
My father knew what might happen. That's why he hired you... he knew you were up for the job...

LOBO
What job are you talkin' about?

She shyly slides her hand into his...

DALINE
Repopulation...

LOBO
Now that's my kinda gig...

EXT. OUTER SPACE (PLANET CZARNIA) - NIGHT

A lone silence. Then Lobo's and Daline's voices continue.

LOBO (V.O.)
Hey. I thought you got rid of that tattoo.

DALINE (V.O.)
Want to see it move?

FADE OUT.

THE END

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